The Outlook

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CONTENTS

The Financial Situation 505
Elections in Twelve States 506
A Practical Postmaster-General 506
The Galveston Movement 507
The First Insurance Conviction 508
A Significant Auction 509
The Hague 509
The House of Lords 510
A Great Debate Begun 511
A Child Labor Conference 511
The National Farmers' Congress 512
Progress in Alaska 514
Modernism 515
The Hetch Hetchy Valley 516
Make the Time You Want 518
The Spectator 519
A National Park on the Hudson 521
By Dr. Edward L. Partridge
The Death of Happy Gene Sheehan 527
By F. W. O'Malley
The Power of the Southern Election Registrar 529
By Thomas Jesse Jones
Sarah and Mr. Salamovitch 531
By Miriam F. Scott
Books on Socialism 537
Efficient Democracy 540
Comment on Current Books 541
Letters to The Outlook 545

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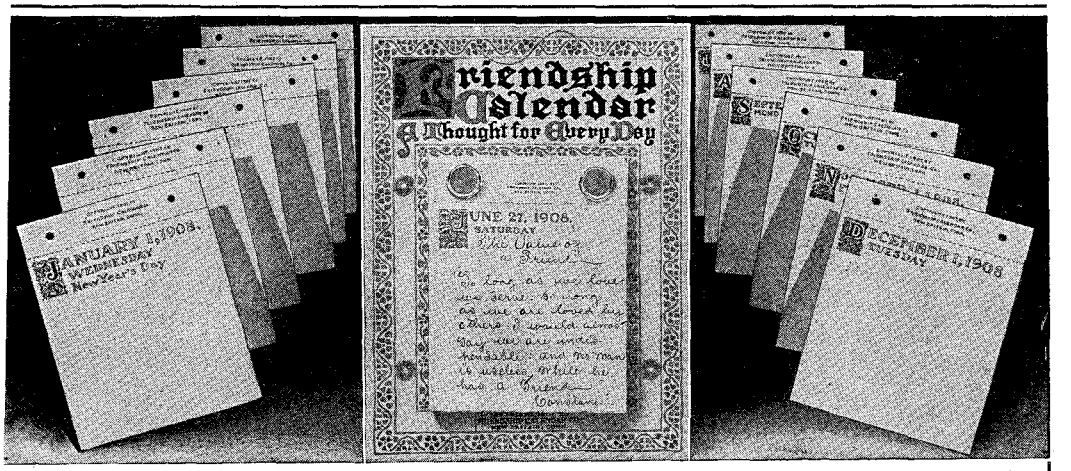

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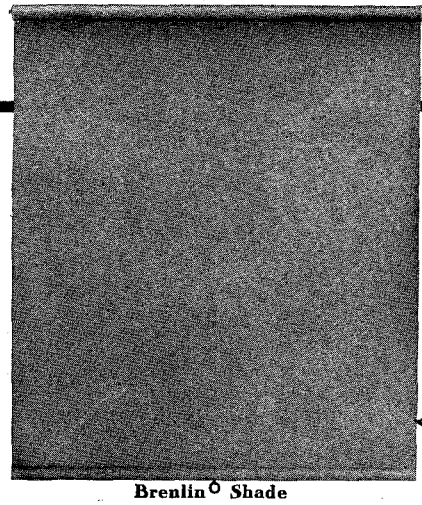

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Brenlin

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window shade material

Won't Wrinkle!

Won't Crack!

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The Trustee Company of Seattle
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The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

Chartered 1822

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Branch Office, 475 FIFTH AVENUE
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UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 7,000,000 00

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The Financial Situation

A feeling of encouragement as to the financial and commercial situation of the country is justified by the fact that a week has gone by since the acute panic in New York City without the appearance of the general disaster which threatened the country ten days ago. Although investment securities are still low—and the securities market affords a very good barometer for measuring general confidence—they are in general holding their own and in some instances have risen. The banks throughout the country are exercising great care over the currency at their command. Clearing-House certificates and other forms of credit tokens are being used in New York and other large centers; and in some instances it is probable that gold and currency notes are being withdrawn from banks and hoarded in safe-deposit boxes or other private hiding-places. But there is no real currency famine, and interest rates have gone down. If there is combined with proper caution, economy, and sound judgment a reasonable confidence in the innate honesty and ability of the bankers, merchants, and industrial managers of the country, there is no reason why the country should not successfully pass through the present disturbance and arrive at a state of more genuine, because juster and more healthful, prosperity than it has known for a long time. It appears to us that two legal steps and one moral step are needed to prevent the recurrence of a general breakdown in confidence such as we have been passing through in the past ten days. First, there must be some prompt and effective legislation which shall provide the country with a safe and elastic currency. There are two plans for a modification of the currency laws which Congress ought immediately to consider—the American Bankers' plan and the plan of Mr. Treat, Treasurer of the United States. The Outlook has heretofore described these plans in detail. Second, there ought to be some revision of our banking laws. The State should not permit, as it does at present, two kinds of banks of deposit to exist. National and State banks to-day in New York are required to maintain a reserve of twenty-five per cent, and to make weekly and public statements of their affairs. The trust companies, on the other hand, while they are permitted to receive deposits as freely as the banks, need only to maintain a reserve of fifteen per cent, and make only voluntary statements. The trust companies were originally invented, as the term implies, to act as trustees and agents for estates, corporations, or individuals. They have gradually assumed the functions of banks of discount and deposit. Some of them, taking advantage of their freedom from legislative restriction, have invited large deposits by the offer of comparatively large rates of interest to the depositor, and have used these deposits in industrial and financial enterprises, often of a very risky nature, with the hope of getting large profit. Is it not perfectly obvious that all banks of discount and deposit should be carried on under the same legal restriction? In the third place, the moral reform needed is the bringing of all bank directors to a belief that they are trustees for their depositors just as truly as the trustees of an estate or a philanthropic institution are responsible for the welfare and protection of their beneficiaries. That it is possible to bring about such a moral attitude is proved by the history of savings banks. The savings bank president or trustee who to-day connives at or permits, even through ignorance, the wrecking of his bank, is looked upon

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with scorn by his colleagues and his community. There are indications that the time is not far distant when the position of directorship in any public or semi-public corporation will carry with it all the obligations of a trustee towards his ward. When the necessity and propriety of such trusteeship grow to be generally recognized, not only in banks, but in the street and inter-State railways and other public utility corporations, we shall have fewer "financial panics." That this idea is not an impractical one is indicated by the definite attempt of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, to organize a street railway corporation in which the directors shall perform their duties for the benefit of the city in exactly the same spirit in which the directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art fill their positions and exercise their functions, without the slightest question of their unselfish public spirit.

❀

Elections in Twelve States: Their Influence on Senatorial Elections

Of the twelve States in which elections are occurring this week, those in Maryland and New Jersey have special interest because of their bearing on the duty of the next Legislatures to choose United States Senators. In Maryland the next Legislature is to choose two Senators—one to fill the unexpired term of the late Arthur Pue Gorman, and the other to take the place of Senator Rayner. While the Republicans still adhere to the old plan of Senatorial elections, the Democrats, we are glad to say, will put into effect a new Senatorial primary plan, which requires every member of the Legislature to vote for the candidate who receives the highest vote in his district. This is something like the admirable plan provided for by the bill signed by Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, last week. The bill was introduced by State Senator Everett Colby, and provides that not less than one thousand voters of a political party may file a petition with the Secretary of State indorsing any member of their party as a candidate for United States Senator. In filing his acceptance of the nomination for State Senator or Assemblyman, a candidate may sign and file a copy of one or two statements. The first of these pledges him, regardless of a personal preference, to vote for the candidate for United States Senator who receives the highest number of votes in his party at the primary election in the county. The second pledges him to vote for the candidate who receives the highest number of votes in the party throughout the State.

❀

A Practical Postmaster-General

Recommendations, for the consideration of Congress, of improvements in the postal service are a recognized feature of the annual report of the Postmaster-General. But the recommended changes have often been either too many in number, or too complicated in their nature, or too open to opposition from hostile interests to receive serious attention. Postmaster-General Meyer, however, is carrying out a plan for the presentation of his suggestions which has definite practical advantages. He limits his recommendations to two; he has so framed them as to forestall opposition; and he has taken the people into his confidence, and is seeking to arouse a public sentiment in favor of his proposals before they are formally made. He has announced his recommendations through the press and in speeches, such as those which he made at a Convention of Postmasters held in Washington, and at a dinner given in his honor at the Union League Club in Philadelphia. Mr. Meyer's first suggestion is for postal savings banks. The object of these banks will be to bring into the channels of commerce and trade the money that is to-day being hoarded by a large class of people in all parts of the country. The majority of the immigrants who come here are ignorant of our language and institutions, and the only thing which they thoroughly trust is the Government. Many of them are continually putting their savings into postal money-orders payable to themselves, showing that they prefer to pay a fee to the Government for taking care of their money rather than to intrust it to a bank and

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receive interest on it. The postal savings bank would enable them to deposit their money where they would feel sure of it and have it earn interest for them at the same time. It would also afford facilities for people living in out-of-the-way parts of the country, where savings banks are not accessible. The opposition to the postal savings bank has always come from the country banks, who feared that the competition of the Government would harm their business. The Postmaster-General, however, meets this objection by proposing that the Government pay only two per cent on the deposits in the postal bank, thus eliminating the element of competition. He also proposes that the money received be deposited again at interest in local National banks, thus making the money earn more than enough to cover the low rate of interest to be paid by the Government, and putting the money into circulation again for the purposes of trade. Mr. Meyer's proposal is shrewd, for it is calculated to turn the former opponents of the postal savings bank plan into strong supporters of it. That it is practical is indicated by the promise made to him by National bank presidents in various districts of 2 to 2½ per cent interest on such special post-office deposits. The second recommendation is for a parcels post, or, as Mr. Meyer points out, for an extension of the parcels post system that we already have. He proposes that the present rate of sixteen cents a pound on parcels be reduced to twelve cents a pound, which is the rate paid on parcels sent to any one of twenty two foreign countries with which we have parcels post conventions. This reduction would remove a manifest injustice. Mr. Meyer would also raise the limit of weight from four pounds to eleven pounds, which is the maximum at present allowed on parcels sent to those foreign countries. An important opposition to the parcels post has come in the past from the country retail merchant, who felt that it would encourage his customers to deal with the large mail order houses in the big cities and so would injure his trade. Mr. Meyer has met this opposition by a further recommendation. He would establish on the rural free delivery routes a parcels post system at a lower rate than that of the general system. The rate which he advocates is five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound, or twenty-five cents for an eleven-pound package. This would enable the farmer and other patrons of the rural route to order their supplies by telephone or postal card when it is not feasible for them to drive to town, and have them delivered by the rural carrier. It would increase consumption and so improve the trade of the country merchant. The adoption of this system would have the further advantages of reducing the cost of the rural free delivery service by increasing the revenues from it, and of increasing the pay of postmasters of fourth-class offices. Opposition to Mr. Meyer's parcels post plan will doubtless still come, as it has always come in the past, from the express companies, but the inherent justice of it and the great service which it would render to a large proportion of the people ought to prevail over any plea of special interests. All of Mr. Meyer's recommendations are, in the opinion of The Outlook, admirable. He is to be congratulated on the clear-headed way in which he has gone about their formulation and their presentation. An enlightened public opinion ought to support strongly Mr. Meyer's proposals when they come before Congress, and to make it impossible for special interests or unprogressive lawmakers to defeat them.

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The Galveston Movement

The so-called Galveston movement to divert immigrants from New York to Western ports is slowly gaining headway. Although it is difficult to change the course of established channels of migration, several hundred persons—most of them Russian Jews—have entered the United States through the port of Galveston since the beginning of summer. Through the generosity of Mr. Jacob Schiff and others, the Jewish immigration bureau at Galveston has been able to distribute these newcomers in various towns throughout the West where labor is comparatively scarce, and where they have been able to become self-

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supporting in a short time. By keeping in touch with the agents of the Jewish charities in these towns, the Galveston bureau can exercise discrimination in the places to which it sends its wards. If there is a demand for wood-workers at Grand Rapids and for leather-workers at Dallas, it is guided by the information in forwarding the skilled workmen among the immigrants. Probably the most important center co-operating with Galveston in this movement is Kansas City, where the United Jewish Charities is systematically caring for the men and women sent to it from the Texas port. Positions were found for sixty immigrants last summer at wages ranging between eight and fourteen dollars a week, and night classes were started for their instruction in English. In dealing with these cases an interesting phenomenon has been observed. While in every instance the pay was larger than the recipient had been earning in Russia—in some cases four or five times as large—the newcomers have remained content with it only until they have learned that other workers in the same trade, no more highly skilled, were getting more money. Then they have insisted on higher wages. A significant case reported is that of a tin-worker who received a special dispensation from the union to work in a union shop for three months at pay ten cents an hour below the union scale, with the understanding that by the end of the period he must be worth the scale and join the organization. This action was taken to prevent his joining the ranks of non-union labor and becoming a possible competitor at less than the union scale. Within six weeks the man had his union card. Such instances as this indicate the possibility of absorbing immigrant labor in the West without seriously disturbing the wage scale and the American standard of living.

❀

The First Insurance Conviction

Every one must sympathize with the feeling expressed by Justice Dowling when he pronounced sentence on Dr. Walter R. Gillette, former vice-president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, in the New York Supreme Court last week. The Justice said: "As much as I can regret anything in my life I regret this my present duty; but it is the wisdom of this court that this aged prisoner be sentenced to serve six months in the penitentiary." The crime of which Dr. Gillette was convicted was perjury; it was committed last year, when he appeared before the Grand Jury which was investigating certain cases arising from the insurance inquiry. Dr. Gillette swore that a certain account in a Dobbs Ferry bank, which stood in his name as trustee, consisted of his own money. When it was shown by other evidence that the money really belonged to the Mutual Life, and that the account constituted one of the ramifications of the "yellow dog" fund, he confessed that he had sworn falsely. It is sad that the first conviction arising from the insurance revelations should fall upon a man sixty-seven years old, whose business career had been long and honorable, and who, if we may believe the statement of his counsel, did wrong only "out of loyalty to his superiors and those to whom he was subordinated." But it must be remembered that, in the words of Justice Dowling, "perjury strikes at the very foundation of the law," and that the theory that a subordinate should not be held responsible for wrong acts done under orders, expressed or implied, from a superior, has no sound basis in law or morals. A man may not be relieved from his duty to the community and to his conscience by a plea of loyalty to his employer or to his superior officer. Other indictments are pending against Dr. Gillette, and against other insurance officials. But wide expression has been given to a feeling of regret that in the institution of criminal prosecutions the men who are popularly believed to have been most responsible for the illegal acts of the insurance companies have escaped indictment. The District Attorney has been criticised by some who think that he allowed the real culprits to go and made scapegoats of those less high in the companies and less prominent in the community. But, again, it must be remembered that there is a wide difference between evidence which will carry practical con-

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viction of a man's guilt to the public mind and evidence sufficient to convict him in a court of law. The former is sufficient for the newspaper writer and the private citizen; but the prosecuting officer must have the latter or his prosecutions will be futile. And it is as much the duty of a district attorney to withstand public clamor and refuse to bring indictments where he has not, in his judgment, sufficient evidence to convict, as it is to prosecute ruthlessly where he has the necessary evidence.

❀

A Significant Auction

The sale at auction, last week, of the furniture formerly used in the offices of the highest officials of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York City, was a minor but very significant incident in the extraordinary story of "high finance" of which publication was begun more than two years ago in serial form. It was reported that nearly all this furniture was purchased in France, and that it was valued at not less than one million dollars. Among the articles used by the officers and directors was a Louis XVI. table of mahogany ornamented with gold leaf, and a Louis XVI. clock of the most magnificent and elaborate character. The chairs in the private office of the head of the company in the days of its highest finance were of the kind which one sees only in throne-rooms on the other side of the ocean, and which are out of place in apartments less magnificent or less symbolic of the dignity and greatness of the state. Nothing could have brought out more strikingly the absence of a true sense of values, the inability to see things in the right perspective, which characterized that extraordinary chapter in life insurance. Not a few business men who kept their sanity were shocked when they went into the rooms the furniture of which has now been very properly removed and sold at auction; for no business man of sound judgment could fail to perceive at once that there was something essentially wrong in a management which could not only be guilty of the vulgarity of furnishing a business office as if it were a throne-room, but could expend the money of other people with such gross and inappropriate extravagance. Those gilded chairs, which monarchs use only on state occasions, were grotesque in the office of what purported to be a great financial organization conducted on business principles; and there was something pitifully weak in the judgment of men who tolerated their presence in such a place. It will be well if other organizations whose furnishings are showy and luxurious learn the lesson taught by the auction in New York City last week.

❀

"Posturing and Mouthing" at The Hague

Though by no means as much was achieved at the Hague Conference of 1907 as the radical friends of peace hoped, The Outlook seems to be almost alone among organs of public opinion in ascribing success and not failure to that Conference. One sees daily such captions as "The Farce at The Hague," "The Peace Bubble," and "Posturing and Mouthing at The Hague." It is worth while repeating that the great triumph of the Conference is its declaration to all the world that armed conflicts of purely pecuniary origin, caused by contractual debts claimed by the subjects or citizens of one country from the Government of another, may be prohibited unless the debtor state shall refuse or pay no attention to an offer of arbitration. Peculiar gratification is afforded the American delegation, which introduced this proposition at the instance of Mr. Root, Secretary of State. He instructed the delegation to influence the Conference to prohibit the use of force for debt collection until after the justice and amount of the debt, its time and manner of payment, and the security to be given shall have been fixed by arbitration, if demanded by the debtor. As finally adopted, the agreement carries out these instructions almost to the letter. In effect, this agreement will not only prevent the many armed hostilities which occur because of difficulties in debt collection, it will also give the force of international law to such arrangements as that under which the foreign debt of Santo Domingo is now being paid

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through the segregation of a percentage of customs receipts collected in a manner not unduly oppressive to that weak state. Mr. Root, than whom no one is a better judge of international movements, declares that the Hague Conference of 1907 accomplished more than he had any reason to expect, and that he is well satisfied with the result of its work. Even in regard to a purely judicial International Court, supplementing the present diplomatic body, while the details are not settled, the foundation for such a court is now definitely laid through the adoption by the Conference of the underlying principle of permanent, paid judges, who shall not be allowed to occupy any other position, as is permitted to the present judges on the Hague list of the Court erected in 1899. If agreements can now be effected by diplomacy as to selection of the judges and the constitution of the court, it will, before the meeting of the third Hague Conference, emerge by its own act into being. As distinguished from the present Hague Tribunal, it will be called the Hague Court of Arbitral Justice. The first court will exist for the adjustment of political disputes; the second for those of a more juridical nature. The result already achieved in this matter is, as Mr. Root says, worth all the time, money, and effort expended at the Conference.

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The House of Lords

From out of the cloud of general talk which has enveloped the question of the modification of the British House of Lords has at last emerged, in the form of a definite speech by the British Premier, a definite plan. Last June the House of Commons, by a large majority, affirmed the general principle that the time had come when the right of the Upper House to put an absolute veto on the legislation of the Lower House must be ended, and the authority of the country, as expressed in a general election, established over the House of Lords. In a recent speech Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman called attention to the fact that during the year, since the Liberal Government went into power, the Lords had made an end of the Education Bill, two Scottish land bills, and the Plural Voting Bill, besides so seriously modifying the Irish Evicted Tenants Bill and the English Land Tenure Bill as to diminish their value. He affirmed that the Liberal Government has formulated a policy which it will endeavor to carry out in the next session. A bill will be passed by the House of Commons and sent to the House of Lords. If the House of Lords differs from the House of Commons as to its provisions, and either rejects the measure or fundamentally alters it, the Government will suggest a conference to be held by committees appointed from the two houses, the decision of the conference not to be binding on either party, but to serve as a basis for a possible amicable arrangement. If the conference should fail, the Government will, after an interval of six months, reintroduce the same bill, pass it through the House of Commons in the usual way, without expediting it, send it up a second time to the House of Lords, and, in case of a deadlock, propose a second conference. If this conference in turn should fail to effect an agreement between the two houses, the Government will introduce the bill a third time into the House of Commons, pass it rapidly through all its stages, and send it again to the House of Lords with a notification that, unless this passes in the form in which it is submitted, it will be passed without their consent. If at that stage the House of Lords should show signs of a spirit of compromise, the Premier would suggest a third conference; and if they then stand out, Parliament will be dissolved, and an appeal made to the electorate on the question whether the British people shall be governed by men of their own choice or by hereditary legislators. In answer to a criticism that the policy proposed by the Government was too deliberate, the Premier declared that the Liberals wished to proceed in the matter with the utmost deference and deliberation, although neither of these qualities had been shown in many instances by the House of Lords towards the House of Commons. Three debates and three conferences would certainly make the most generous provision for thorough discussion and reflection.

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A Great Debate Begun

Last year a Royal Commission recommended the correction of practices in the Anglican Church which "lie on the Romeward side of a line of deep cleavage between the Church of England and that of Rome." Commenting on this (August 11, 1906), we expressed the belief that an increasing number of Churchmen would incline to unshackle the Church from State control. A year shows progress in that direction. On one hand, the Anglo-Catholic minority is in revolt from the idea of subjection to a Parliament largely composed of non-churchmen. On the other hand, the stanchly Protestant element is questioning the value of a State connection which tolerates practices that undo the Reformation. Disestablishment is therefore now in the air. Not that it is near at hand, but it is nearer; it has entered the penultimate stage of serious debate, introduced by the President of the Church Congress himself, the Bishop of Norwich. His address was mainly a comparison of the prospective loss and gain involved in disestablishment. The old endowments would be taken away, the bishops would lose most of their incomes, the deaneries and canonries, posts of honor and emolument for great scholars, would have to go, the social prestige of clergymen of the National Church would be at an end, and there would be fewer candidates for Holy Orders. On the other hand, though the nation would lose the bishops from the House of Lords, the Church would gain the right of choosing its bishops, now appointed by the Prime Minister. Whoever were losers in a pecuniary way, the parochial clergy would be gainers; their better condition in the Free Churches and in the United States being proof of this. The necessity of self-reliance would call forth the liberality of laymen, which now is smaller in the Church of England than in any other Christian community. In spiritual freedom the Church would be the gainer. No Royal Commission would be needed to repress disorder. It would be a gain when the Church was free to eject or discipline men who bring discredit on her ministry. Nevertheless, the Bishop pronounced for the Establishment, but declared himself against trying to maintain it against the will of the people. Going beyond the Bishop, Sir Edward Russell, of the Liverpool Daily Post, declared himself a recent convert to disestablishment, as the only way out of the morass. The Church, he said, was becoming more and more a sect. Disestablishment would enforce a higher standard of ability among the clergy. Money would be needed, and would be forthcoming. Many would miss the grace and grandeur of the Establishment, but the main business of a living church is in its living work, and in this he declared the Church inept. Character and ability, as against wealth and patronage, should have their opportunity. These are certainly significant utterances for the opening of debate upon a question now first publicly confessed debatable. A month before this the Bishop of Carlisle, at his Diocesan Conference, had said that the condition of things in the Church of England would not be tolerated in an unestablished church, autonomous and free from bureaucratic rule. He took the same view as Sir Edward Russell, that the Church had been dwindling into a sect. This "denationalizing" process, as he termed it, the Bishop pronounced an incomparably greater evil than disestablishment, although he was opposed to this. In the recent course of things he saw "the beginning of a great war between clericalism and Christianity." The debate begun in such a tone is evidently preparative to the predestined result toward which the logic of events has been gravitating. This must wait till ripe; but in Wales, whose population is overwhelmingly Nonconformist, disestablishment is the announced purpose of the present Government.

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A Child Labor Conference

That which was of National importance in the Child Labor Conference recently held in Nashville, Tennessee, was that it was made up of representatives of manufacturers, of organized labor, and of philanthropic effort. That these three elements were able by mutual concession to reach practical conclusions and to adopt recommendations which

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would certainly improve the condition of children as regards labor in the Southern States is a subject for congratulation, and affords an example which should be followed by similar efforts. It is true that the cotton manufacturers of the other Southern States declined to join the Tennessee manufacturers in this Conference, on the ground that drastic laws had already been enacted in their own States—in point of fact, Georgia and South Carolina still allow by law ten-year-old children to work eleven or twelve hours in a day, and North Carolina has refused to lower its week of sixty-six hours for children. But, in order that the manufacturers present might not be unfairly outvoted in the Conference, the delegates from labor unions and humane societies agreed to give the manufacturers, without regard to their number, an equal vote with that of the two other elements in the Conference, and a strong representation on the committees. The general object was to propose and advocate a uniform child labor law for the Southern States. Tennessee is already in advance of most or all of her sister States in the South in both factory inspection and actual working hours. It is pleasant to record that at this Conference the manufacturers as a body were humane and broad-minded and showed genuine concern in the welfare of their employees. The possibilities as to the number of hours' work for a week both for children and women are in the South, as was recognized by all delegates, somewhat limited as to liberality by the existing conditions in the Northern States which manufacture cotton, and by the fact that these Northern States have some special commercial advantages not existing in the South. Not quite as much, therefore, can be hoped for in any uniform Southern law as would be desirable, speaking absolutely, and the opinion was strongly expressed that Massachusetts and Pennsylvania should lead the way in protecting women and children workers. Briefly summarized, the main resolutions adopted by the Conference advocated: An age limit of fourteen for children; a fifty-eight-hour week to be recommended as the standard to be attained within the next three years both for women and for children under eighteen, with a week of not over sixty hours to be adopted at once; a similar Conference to be held in the year 1910; no night work for children under sixteen; compulsory education laws for all children between seven and fifteen, requiring them to attend school at least sixteen consecutive weeks in each year; the classing as vagrants of able-bodied men living in idleness on the earnings of mothers, wives, or children; birth registration where it does not now exist; no marriage licenses to be issued to women under seventeen or men under nineteen—very early marriages do an immense amount of harm among Southern factory operators. Other recommendations urged improvements in factory inspection, methods of establishing the age of children, sanitary improvements, and the employment of women inspectors. These recommendations seem extremely moderate, and, indeed, some of the labor representatives declared that they were ashamed to return home and tell their unions that they had been unable to secure a resolution in favor of an eight-hour day for children under sixteen. Nevertheless, if a law shall be passed including these recommendations, and coupled with stringent rules to enforce them, a positive step forward will be taken. And, as a correspondent of The Outlook well remarks, still more important than the immediate results obtained is the fact that in Nashville capital and labor and the humane forces met together in frank and full discussion and for co-operation in the protection of children and women.

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The National Farmers' Congress

With the largest attendance ever known at a similar gathering, a National Farmers' Congress has just been held in Oklahoma. Its fifteen hundred delegates were representative of the country's agricultural interests, coming as they did from thirty-five States. Among the speakers were three Governors, several Members of Congress, and many representative officials of the Department of Agriculture. In consequence, the discussions took a wide range, embracing the practical handling of

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crops, the relation of the farmer to politics, and social and economic problems that have always appealed to the tiller of soil. The farmer's wife was not forgotten, and one session was devoted to her rights and needs in making the farm a successful business and family venture. It is noteworthy that the resolutions were generally on an advanced ground and that they were not confined to any party platform. For instance, gambling in futures was severely condemned; parcels post, postal telegraph, and postal savings banks were favored, showing the trend of the farmers' ideas toward a larger service from the Government and greater direct participation of the farmer in accommodations that can be accorded to the citizen through governmental machinery. The influence of foreign experiments was manifest in the demand for extension of the functions of the Post-Office, while the current activity of the Middle West in its effort to regulate freight rates was evident in the memorial adopted for presentation to Congress, asking an expenditure of $50,000,000 each year for deepening and widening the waterways of the Nation. Less prominence than might have been expected was given to the farmers' union for the purpose of raising prices of grain through restricted acreage and the storing of the product, the deliberations of the Congress being on an altogether broader plane and thus likely to prove of more worth to the Nation's agricultural interests. It is encouraging to see such a gathering in this age of many congresses and conventions that have little excuse for being and seemingly accomplish nothing definite for the advancement of the country. The farmer has always labored under the disadvantage of opposing individual effort to the power of combination. On so divided a course has he operated that seldom has even a neighborhood been unanimous in action, either in business or in politics. When combinations have been attempted, they have been based usually on some schemer's thirst for office or on the desire to punish an individual or a corporation (generally the latter) for a real or fancied wrong. The result was that when the leader was elected or the wrong was righted, or when failure followed the uprising, the organization waned and in the end dissolved. The modern idea of uniting for mutual helpfulness, without ambition to punish anybody or anything, but to lift up the members through the opening of a wider field for their industry and enterprise, ought to have a more permanent and helpful outcome. It is the right principle, not alone for the farmers, but for any body of citizens who desire to accomplish things of real worth.

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Call of the Great Southwest

It was particularly appropriate that the Farmers' Congress should be held in the heart of the great Southwest, which is the newest "land of promise" and the only large area of farming land in the United States that remains unoccupied. It is estimated that sixty thousand settlers a month are now moving into the Southwest, some settling in Oklahoma and others in the Texas Panhandle. The great ranches, where formerly vast herds of cattle grazed, are being cut into farms; fences are being built; towns are springing up, and evidences of civilization and development are multiplying. It was doubtless a surprise to the hundreds of delegates to find that crops comparing favorably with those raised "back East" have been produced this season on the "high plains" where the geographies have for years left a broad blank space marked "Llano estacado," the Staked Plains, presumably the possession of the coyote, the long-horned steer, and the cowboy. Now there are pleasant homes, wide wheat-fields, well-bred milch cows, and contented families. The coming of just such visitors as those who attended the Congress has brought about the transformation. Home-seekers have been taken by hundreds to the new lands, and have become active missionaries among their own people in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and Kansas, from which States comes most of the immigration. While doubtless some of the remarkable showing made this season by the Southwest has been due to timely and exceptionally liberal rainfall, the qualification of

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soil and climate for agriculture, when properly managed, has been proved, and it is unlikely that there will come to that section any backset or exodus such as in years past has marked other parts of the West. The possibilities of the prairies are better understood, and the Government's experiments, conducted with scientific skill, have demonstrated the best methods of securing regular crops and the kind of products suited to conditions. The map of the Southwest is being reconstructed, and if the inpouring of population shall continue for the next half-decade, as now seems probable, that portion of the Nation's granary will rank in progress and prosperity with sections half a century ahead of it in development.

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Progress in Alaska

Most people who think at all about Alaska know little about the country except as to its rich deposits of mineral wealth. Yet it is probable that American conceptions even as to Alaska's mineral wealth fall far short of the reality. There are many Alaskans, just as there are many Klondikers, who believe that the great gold deposits of the American and Canadian Northwest have as yet only been scratched, and that the future holds many surprises in this line. What many, perhaps most, Americans do not know is that Alaska offers opportunity to the enterprising and adventurous in many other fields besides mining. These opportunities lie largely in agriculture and gardening, along with industrial activities suitable to a growing country and increasing population. As opposed to the general conception of Alaska as an extremely cold country, and therefore unsuited to agricultural operations, it may be said that America's circumpolar possession has a climate that for a considerable part of the year is mild; that it has some of the best agricultural and grazing lands on the continent; that there are large sections of well-timbered lands; and that in general, to those who understand soil, climate, and conditions, it is possible to raise in certain parts nearly everything raised in the United States. Alaska lies, in part at least, nearer the North Pole than New York is to Chicago; but it has been demonstrated that many fruits, vegetables, and grains can be grown far within the Arctic Circle. The mild season lasts from about the middle of April to the first of November, while winter there is not the long night that many suppose it to be. On the shortest day in the year there are at least five hours of daylight, and mining operations are carried on with unabated activity. Owing to lack of means of transportation, coal in Alaska has sometimes been extremely scarce, and consequently high-priced. The building of railways to the coal fields has recently brought about a great change in this important respect, and the days when coal brought $125 a ton, and even higher prices, are happily past. At the coal fields near Bering Lake a supply of good grade is now being mined which can be delivered in Catalia and Valdez for $18 a ton, and that price doubtless will soon be lowered by competition. Railway progress in Alaska has also been marked. Roads are built and equipped with characteristic Alaskan energy. The first train over the Dome City-Valut extension of the Tanana Railway passed over the route August 11, and the line has been practically completed to Cleary Creek. As an example of the way in which Alaskans take hold of enterprises, the town of Valdez may be cited. At a meeting of the citizens early in August a company was formed to build an electric railway from Valdez to the interior of the Copper River district. Money in varying amounts from ten cents to $10,000 was promptly subscribed, and $150,000 raised at once, every man, woman, and child in the town aiding to the extent of his or her ability in the common enterprise. The day after the meeting the work of construction was begun, and is now being pushed as rapidly as labor and materials can be secured. At the numerous Government agricultural stations experiments are being actively carried on with a view to ascertain just what fruits and grains and vegetables are best adapted to the different parts of the country, and these experiments in many cases have met with marked

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success. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that Judge Howard, United States Commissioner, has a garden as far north as Coldfoot, and that a few weeks ago he sent samples of cucumbers, rhubarb, potatoes, and carrots to Sitka from what is probably the most northerly garden in the world. A citizen of Fairbanks also raised a fine crop of watermelons last summer; and a farmer at another point, it is claimed, has practically solved the Luther Burbank problem of turning the energy of the potato in its growth to producing potatoes instead of vines. When the knowledge obtained by such experiments and by those of the Government stations is made generally accessible, as it will be in Government reports, Alaska will be in a position to utilize all its resources, and its progress will then be proportionately rapid.

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Modernism

We sincerely desire the spiritual well-being and efficiency of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore we greatly regret the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism. For while it will do little to bar the progress of the church universal toward a higher intellectual and spiritual life, it will effectually shackle the spirit of free inquiry and of self-denying service in the Church of Rome. It will not do this by the force of its arguments, for the simple reason that they will not be widely read. Eulogizing scholastic theology, requiring all seminaries of learning to return to scholasticism in their teaching, it is itself so scholastic, so out of harmony in its method with the present age, that it will be read by few laymen and not well understood by more than a minority of the priests. It is, alike in its subject matter and its spirit, in striking contrast with the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on Socialism. That was a human document, this a scholastic one; that was addressed to the people, this to the hierarchy; that dealt with a practical question of universal interest, this with questions of abstract theology of almost exclusively class interest; that attempted, with remarkable success, to guide in wise channels a great intellectual and social movement, this attempts to turn back a movement which is at once intellectual and spiritual; that gave new courage and wise counsel to a democracy which sorely needed both, this attempts to employ the methods of a mediæval age in re-establishing a mediæval theology. The Encyclical would fill more than twenty-five pages of The Outlook. To epitomize it in a paragraph is a task of great difficulty. If we fail, we beg our Roman Catholic readers not to attribute the failure to a lack of charitable intent.

The occasion of the Encyclical is the Pope's discovery of the spirit of Modernism in the Roman Catholic Church. He affirms that it has captured not only many of the Catholic laity, but many also in the ranks of the priesthood; and that it is taught in Roman Catholic literature and Roman Catholic seminaries, and this openly and with much and widespread applause. This Modernism, which is nothing less than a "synthesis of all heresies," the Pope considers under seven heads. "Every Modernist sustains and comprises within himself many personalities: he is a philosopher, a believer, a theologian, an historian, a critic, an apologist, and a reformer." As a philosopher the Modernist finds the source of religion in man's essentially spiritual nature; as a believer he affirms that faith is the inward and spiritual perception of the divine which thus unites man to God; as a theologian he regards God as immanent in humanity, revelation as the disclosure of his operations within the soul, and dogma as the formulation of this spiritual consciousness; as a historian he believes that this God-consciousness, with all that pertains to it—its dogmas, its church, its worship—must be subject to change, and he seeks to trace its growth according to the recognized laws of evolution; as an apologist he seeks to defend the Catholic faith by showing that it has grown naturally and normally out of the germ which Jesus Christ brought into the world; and, finally, as reformer, the Modernist seeks to harmonize religion with science by showing that its dogmas are in accordance with scientific teaching, to harmonize the Church with the State by recognizing the authority of the State

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in all political matters, leaving the Catholic free to work for the common good as he deems best, and to reform the Church by giving to the lower clergy, and even to the laity, some share in its government, and by inciting the clergy "to return to their ancient lowliness and poverty."

All this the Pope regards as a deep-seated disease, having its cause in pride and curiosity, and in a baleful ambition for novelty. It is true that the Modernists often show an excellent spirit. "They have no bitterness in their hearts against the authority which uses them roughly, for after all it is only doing its duty as authority. Their only grief is that it remains deaf to their warnings." But this furnishes no reason why vigorous measures should not be taken to exorcise this "synthesis of all heresies" from the Church. There is no suggestion that this is to be done by argument. In spite of argument "the evil has gone on increasing from day to day." The remedies to be applied are disciplinary. The Pope classifies the remedies which he prescribes in seven categories. (1) "We will and ordain that scholastic philosophy be made the basis of the sacred sciences" in all Catholic seminaries. (2) Every one imbued with the spirit of Modernism, or who shows a love for novelty in history, archæology, or Biblical exegesis, must be excluded without compunction from all teaching offices and denied all ecclesiastical preferment in the hierarchy. (3) The Bishops must prevent the reading in their several dioceses of all "writings infected with Modernism," and must drive out every such book already in circulation. (4) In every diocese censors must be appointed to determine what may be printed, and nothing must be printed or circulated with the consent of the Church without the favorable verdict of the censor, which must be given in writing. As far as possible, there must also be a special censor for newspapers and periodicals written by Catholics. (5) Congresses of priests for the public discussion of religious questions must be permitted only on very rare occasions, and only on condition that matters appertaining to the Bishops or the Apostolic See be not treated in them. (6) To enforce these rules it is ordered that in every diocese a "Council of Vigilance" be instituted without delay to watch carefully for every trace and sign of Modernism and take vigorous measures against its propagation. (7) And, the better to insure the execution of these disciplinary measures, the Bishops are required to report under oath to the Vatican on the doctrines current among their clergy.

Such is the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism. The master of this vineyard, in order to secure fruit from the trees, demands that every new shoot shall be rigorously pruned away, leaving only the old, gnarled, and decaying branches. He may succeed in banishing Modernism from his clergy and modern thinkers from the priesthood of his Church, but he will not succeed in shutting out modern thought from the minds of the laity, who even in Italy and Spain no longer confine their reading to books and periodicals which have been approved by the Church, or their attendance on meetings to those addressed by its authorized teachers. And on the world outside the Church the effect of this Encyclical, so far as it has any effect, will be to give new vitality to the spirit of free inquiry, which the Pope frankly confesses cannot be met by reason and which is too strong in this twentieth century to be suppressed by persecution.

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The Hetch Hetchy Valley

The article by John Muir in last week's Outlook on the Hetch Hetchy Valley of California will appeal strongly to most of our readers. It appeals strongly to us. Americans have been too disregardful of the natural beauties of their country and too eager for its commercial development. Whenever the demands of private profit come in conflict with the demand for the preservation of scenic beauty, the burden of proof is upon private profit; in such cases the presumption is always against its demands. For this reason The Outlook has urged the preservation of the White Mountains from the unrestricted work of the woodman's

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ax, and the preservation of Niagara Falls from impairment by water-power companies, even though they combine a public service with private profit. For this reason it strongly commends to its readers the plan for the preservation of the Hudson River between New York and Newburgh presented in the article on another page by Dr. E. L. Partridge. In all these cases, and others similar in character, the aim is to preserve incomparable beauty and historical associations from the hand of the spoiler who is willing to destroy both for the sake of commercial advantage.

But the case of the Hetch Hetchy Valley is somewhat different. In this case it is proposed to take the Valley not for private profit but for public welfare, not to promote a commercial enterprise but to conserve the health of a great city. Not merely the health but the life of the modern city depends on its ability to secure a pure water supply. And when scenic beauty is in one scale and the health of thousands of homes is in the other, the health ought not to be sacrificed to the beauty. The preservation of a rare object of nature is important, but not so important as the preservation of unnumbered homes. Beautiful flora ought not to be carelessly sacrificed, but children are worth more than flora.

Mr. Muir recognizes this truth in his article. He affirms that water as pure and abundant can be got from sources outside the Park. This affirmation ought to be carefully considered by the Administration before it gives its consent to the proposition to convert the Hetch Hetchy Valley into a reservoir. If, however, it should prove upon proper investigation that the difficulty of procuring adequate water supply elsewhere is too great to be overcome, or the expense too great to be borne, there is another possible method of preserving the beauty of the Valley and conserving the health of the city that ought to be carefully considered. It is the plan which has been pursued in other localities where this same issue has been presented.

The city of Manchester, England, found that the nearest point from which it could secure an adequate water supply was the Lake Country in the North of England. In the Lake Country exists a very efficient organization for the preservation of its natural beauty. The result of the conflict between the demands of a great city for water and the demands of a rural population to preserve uninjured the natural beauty of one of the most beautiful spots in England is seen to-day by the tourist as he drives from Keswick along the shore of Thirlmere Lake to Grasmere. The shores are carpeted with verdure and dotted with trees; the road has been improved and in part reconstructed; the necessary mason work is relatively inconspicuous. For the beauty of a natural valley is substituted the beauty of an artificial park. It is not the same; to some it may seem inferior, to others greater, but to all it will appeal as beauty. A similar result has been accomplished in the Croton Reservoir. A once pleasant but not remarkable valley has been converted into what will be a rural park of extraordinary attractiveness when nature has completed the work which man has planned.

We do not know the Hetch Hetchy Valley. But it is at least worthy of consideration whether something similar might not be there achieved. We are familiar with the Yosemite Valley, and we use our acquaintance with the one to picture the possibility in the other. Imagine the floor of the valley converted into a lake; a broad roadway laid out around it; where precipitous cliffs rise from the floor of the valley a shelf cut in the face of the cliff for the road, as the Swiss have done on Lake Lucerne, the Italians on the Mediterranean from Salerno to Sorrento, and the Russians along the edge of the Black Sea from the Baidar Gate to Yatta. It is true that the beautiful flora which John Muir describes would be destroyed. We should not have a second Yosemite Valley. But we should have, in lieu thereof, a lake and valley quite unparalleled in the United States, if not in the world. We should not have the same beauty as now, but we should have a beauty as real if not as great.

Whether such a treatment of the Hetch Hetchy Valley is possible we do not know. But no true American will declare anything which is desirable to be impossible until he has investigated its

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possibility. And we submit this suggestion for the preservation of scenic beauty combined with the conservation of public health to the Secretary of the Interior, the people of San Francisco, and Mr. John Muir and that increasing constituency which he so nobly and ably represents.

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Make the Time You Want

If the census-takers went into such matters, the return of men and women who are anxious to do certain things but "cannot find the time" would run into large figures. There is no more prevalent or pathetic illusion, no more delusive excuse and evasion, than inability to find time to do real things in a strong way. For time is not found; it is made. What we call time, meaning the flight of hours recorded by the clock, is simply the raw material of which time is made. It is mere duration; time is duration turned to account, used, directed to definite ends. We make all the time we really use, and we make it by using it. It is a fallacy that men kill time; they cannot kill what does not exist for them; they simply miss the opportunity to make time; they kill their chances. In vacation days busy people rest by not making time; they hang up the receiver, so to speak, and no call of work or duty reaches them; they shut off connection with the raw material which, in working hours, runs through their looms and becomes time; that is, duration made significant, fruitful, intelligent, beautiful.

Races that have made no progress for centuries are often spoken of as old races, and men and women whose years have been many and idle are described as old people; with the implication that age of itself entitles races and people to a certain authority. The feebleness that comes with the burden of years demands the utmost courtesy and the tenderest care; but there is nothing in age of itself which carries authority or enforces respect. Mere duration has nothing in it that claims the reverence of men; time, which is duration made significant and fruitful, alone wears the crown of that authority which rests on ripe thought, deep experience, inward growth. A man may have length of years and be as devoid of wisdom as a child of yesterday; a race may have counted thirty centuries and remain where it was when the years began to fly over it, as the birds pass over the fields and leave no trace behind. It is duration transformed into time that counts.

There is an abundance of this raw material if one knows how to change it into time. This is not accomplished by the rattle of machinery, by rushing about from point to point as if one had great undertakings on all sides, by breathless haste and many lamentations that there is no chance to get things done; that is as much a waste of the opportunity of making time as sitting idle and, with folded hands, letting the days slip down the western slope of the sky without care or thought. It is as easy to waste the raw material of time noisily as silently; to be idle in a tumult as in a dream. Some of the most useless people in the world are the most vociferous; some of the greatest makers of time are the quietest. To turn duration into time and not let the threads run into a meaningless tangle, one must have a design, some skill in working, and a steady purpose. A host of those whose looms never start have a mass of designs in mind; the trouble is that they never decide which pleases or interests them most. Another host start a design only to tire of it and begin another. And a still larger number let things go as they may, and "take what comes." Nothing comes, because everything must be made; that is the beneficent law of life. Nature takes care that no man gets morally, intellectually, or spiritually rich by sitting still and letting things pour into his lap. Wealth in these imperishable things is a matter of time for every man and woman; and time is not given; it must be made. If you want time for great tasks, for fine growth, for beautiful accomplishments, for rich resources of all sorts, do not wait for it; it will never come to you; make it by selection of design, concentration of effort, the vital skill that is born of devotion, intelligence, putting one's heart into one's work.

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The Spectator

The town of the Conqueror! The Spectator had seen the sullen, massive slab in the choir of Saint-Étienne at Caen, under which William the Norman is supposed to be buried but isn't, having been rudely removed without ceremony by a mob, centuries after Abbot Anselm of Bec buried him there. Somehow, even in his own abbey church, the Conqueror did not seem a triumphant memory, since, as every one knows, his funeral was clamorously interrupted by a burgher of Caen, who claimed the ground and had to be paid for it then and there; and now the only one of his mortal remains lying under the big gray slab is a thigh-bone, which may or may not be authentic. It was looted by somebody (probably a Caen souvenir-hunter of those days), so the story goes, when the mob aforesaid broke into the tomb. The rest of the bones were collected by a monk, but in vain, for when the abbey was sacked again later on they were destroyed. Then the man who had the thigh-bone came forward, very handsomely, and gave it back to the church, and it now fills the tomb, so to speak. But one can hardly reconstruct the Conqueror from a thigh-bone, after all, and his big abbey church is for the most part much later than his day, even as Caen is full of other memories than his, that came later.

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But Falaise—the Conqueror's birthplace, the Conqueror's town, the town that has nothing else but the Conqueror's memory to preserve—the Spectator felt satisfied that he would find the great Norman in the spirit there if anywhere. And he could have laughed for joy when, in its grass-grown square, in the quiet sunshine outside the Gothic porch of Ste. Trinité, the great bronze statue of the Conqueror, bestriding as tall a horse as ever Mr. Winkle did, ramped and reared at him, and swung him on with it into the Dark Ages, before Harold fell or Doomsday Book was written. Here was the William whom Matilda strove to represent in the Bayeux tapestry by making him bigger than the others, only she couldn't draw well enough to inspire enthusiasm. Here was the William who went to war at fourteen and whipped his rebellious Norman lords to heel, when most grown-up warriors would have flinched from the job. The Spectator does not know who the sculptor is, but he takes off his hat to him. Perhaps William did not look like that, but he ought to. Perhaps the statue is too flamboyant—the Spectator is no art critic, but he knows what he likes, and this prodigious warrior and horse, all force and fury, horse and man one in impulse from the tip of the bannered spear to the hoof flung out in the leap, and all rising out of this silent old street in a forgotten town like a sudden flash of the mighty past—it is like a clang of trumpets to the historic sense, bringing it broad awake.

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And, being awake, one yet climbs the steep street behind the statue, up to the entrance of the castle, as in a dream. The castle is a Walter Scott castle of the most romantic type, and set on cliffs so high above the lower town that the looker-down from its loopholes sees men as ants below. The very magnificence of the stage setting is unfavorable to the castle's greatest legend—how Robert the Devil, heir of the dukedom of Normandy, looking from his window in the massive walls, saw Arlette, the tanner's daughter, washing linen on the flat stones outside the well, far, far beneath, as far beneath him as her station, indeed, and how he loved her. Now, the Spectator has a good pair of eyes; but if Helen of Troy had been beating linen in Falaise fashion on the stones of the tanner's well, down in the valley, he could not have told her from the Loathly Lady. Field-glasses were not known in the Normandy of those days, nor had Galileo invented the telescope; and so this particular instance of love at first sight has to be given up by the open-minded visitor to the castle, no matter how romance may struggle and protest. Robert did see Arlette, somehow and somewhere, however, and did love her, and did take her to his castle on the heights, not without the consent and blessing of her uncle the priest and her father the tanner, and did hold to her as his best-

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beloved all his short, turbulent days, though he married, for state reasons, some suitable consort or other, who brought him no heirs.

❀

From Arlette's bower, which is about as narrow and bare of comfort as Queen Mary's dismal boudoir at Holyrood, the Spectator looked over sheer cliff and climbing trees down on the roofs and towers of Falaise, and over hill and plain beyond. Here the young Conqueror may have gazed over Normandy, with a boy's determination to make his doubtful title good. Robert once dead, the great nobles rebelled as one man against the son of Arlette. At fourteen William rode out to fight them—no powerful mailed warrior then, but only a keen-faced boy. He never stopped fighting after that to the end of his life, when the king of terrors conquered him at last. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and the view from the towering keep of Falaise is far. Did William the boy dream of half as much as William the Conqueror won? Surely no better castle for a dreamer was ever built than this famous stronghold of the Norman line, where its greatest son was reared. One expects to see the gleam of armor vanishing round each corner of its ruined stairs. Henry of Navarre has been here, by the way, and made the big ivy-grown breach in the "Tour Talbot," which was built, however, two hundred years before Talbot was born. There is a satisfying oubliette in the tower, down which one may look and shudder. King John kept Arthur of Brittany a prisoner here in Falaise Castle, and Coligny besieged and captured it in the days of the Valois. But nobody remembers these others except just after reading the guide-book. There is only one historic figure in the castle and town, and he fills the scene.

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Once a year, though, Falaise has an excitement alien from history. The Spectator climbed down from the castle and down by the fountain of Arlette (where brown-faced, chattering girls not in the least suggestive of heroines of romance were washing clothes by that uncompromising Norman method in comparison with which a Chinese laundry is tenderness itself), scaled a mediæval gate, and wandered interminably through narrow and delightful mediæval streets, to come out at last on a broad road leading to the church of Notre Dame de Guibray, outside of Falaise on the other quarter. Men, women, and children were streaming toward the church; venders of cakes and sweets and fruit were driving a fine trade; and the neighing and tramping of horses was in the air—for the Fair of Guibray is Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair to the life. The Falaise people say that William the Conqueror established the Foire de Guibray for the pilgrims who came to the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin. It certainly goes back to his day, and perhaps before it. For those who, like the Spectator, did not want to buy horses, there were strolling players and bands, jugglers and dancing, the merry-go-round with its strident music that is exactly the same all the world over, and cafés and booths for the sale of everything imaginable that the passer-by can desire. Over it all came the chanting of vespers from the church. From the sunshine outside the Spectator stepped into the soft light of candles within the plain old Norman building. The procession of the Virgin was passing round the church, headed by a beadle with gorgeous hat and stick. Acolytes in scarlet, the priest in a cope of gold embroidery, four girls in white bearing an image of the Virgin, the cross and the banner of our Lady of Guibray, the choir in white, the confraternities with their candles, all marched, chanting, up and down the aisles. Did the Conqueror kneel in Guibray church as a child? Very likely, for he was always a son of the Church, though rough and rebellious at times. Did he choose his war-horse in the Fair outside as a lad? Very likely, for the Norman horses were famous steeds of battle. The Spectator came out again into the sunshine, and sighed as he found he had only fifteen minutes to catch the train for Caen. Buried at Caen the Conqueror may be; but he lives, in the strength of youth, in Falaise.

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A NATIONAL PARK ON THE HUDSON

BY DR. EDWARD L. PARTRIDGE

The plan proposed in the following article for the creation of a National Preserve in the highlands of the Hudson deserves the serious consideration of the entire country. It would be in a peculiar sense a National undertaking, because it would commemorate the War of the American Revolution, the military operations of which were carried on to so large an extent in the Hudson Highlands. It would protect the natural beauties of one of the most picturesque regions of the United States, for the Hudson is to America what the Rhine is to Germany. It would provide the opportunity for an inland protected navy-yard in Newburgh Bay, accessible to the largest battle-ships andclosely allied with the army and naval stations at West Point and Iona Island. It would give government protection to the beautiful forests, lakes, and streams of the region, which are too little known to the people at large, and at the same time would make the territory included more desirable for private residence. For these reasons it is to be hoped that the Patriotic, Historical, Forestry, and Scenic societies of the country will give the plan their active attention. If the President or Congress could appoint a small commission of experts to make a careful study of the plan, and the proposed territory of the Park, with instructions to make public a report of their findings, we believe that not only the State of New York but the rest of the country would be glad to give the project respectful and sympathetic consideration. We add, at the request of the author of the article, that the first suggestion in behalf of this National Park was made by Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, of Newburgh, to the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, which has favorably indorsed the plan.—THE EDITORS.

THE National Government has created, for *scenic* reasons, a number of parks, as the Yellowstone, 2,142,730 acres; the Yosemite, 1,562 square miles; the Casa Grande, 480 acres; the Sequoia, 250 square miles; Hot Springs Reservation, 912 acres; the Mount Ranier; the Crater Lake in Oregon. It will be noted that all of these parks are situated in the Western part of the United States. It would seem fitting if some region of marked beauty in the East could be taken in charge, in a similar manner, by the Government, so that its preservation to the Nation might be insured.

The National Government has also done much commemorative of the Civil War which *preserved* the Union: Gettysburg, the General Grant Park, Chickamauga, Shiloh, and Vicksburg. It is becoming that the war which separated us from Great Britain and was the *origin* of this great Union of States should have its National Memorial. The Highlands of the Hudson are acknowledged to have a unique beauty, and seem a most fitting region to be thus placed under Government supervision for scenic reasons, while, if they were created into a National Preserve, they would serve as a most suitable memorial of the war which yielded to us our National independence. During the War of the Revolution the Highlands of the Hudson were continuously a region of the greatest importance, so recognized by both sides to the warfare, especially from a strategic point of view, and in the Highlands most important and daring military and engineering movements were commanded and led by all the distinguished patriot officers.

The old fortifications and landmarks are numerous to-day, and, greatly cherished, bear the names of many of the great leaders. Were the military history of the Highlands to be here recorded, time and space would not suffice. A "survey done for General Washington in 1778–1779" which includes *one-half* of the area proposed for a National Preserve, viz., all that is desired to the west of the Hudson River, is evidence of the importance of the region, as considered by General Washington, during our Revolutionary period. The indication of various locations by the attachment of the

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names of our distinguished Revolutionary heroes is significant of the extent to which the region was occupied during the war, and comparison of this map with the recent Topographic Map of the United States fails to discover essential changes in one hundred and twenty-five years.

A scenic consideration of the Highlands brings us to a statement which cannot be challenged—that the Hudson River presents, throughout the fifteen or twenty miles of its course in the Highlands, its most picturesque and boldly beautiful section.

Every American, from near or remote parts of these United States, is influenced to visit the great Hudson, and here his eye is pleased and his patriotic feeling is strengthened as he realizes the difficulties, hardships, and courage of the founders of this great Republic.

The fame of the Hudson is such that every foreign visitor to the United States comes with the purpose of seeing the most beautiful river of North America, and the Niagara Falls—whether his traveling is to be extensive or restricted —and rarely departs until he has visited these two natural objects of attraction.

That which is proposed in behalf of this plan is to create a Government Preserve to include the Hudson River between Cornwall and Fishkill on the north, and Peekskill and Jones Point on the south—this being that part of the river situated in the "Highlands." With this there should be included the wild woodland of the Highlands to the extent of about sixty-five square miles on the east and about fifty-seven square miles on the west of the river. The United States Topographic Map indicates the wild and mountainous nature of the region and the general absence of cultivation and improvement.

In establishing boundaries changes will be proper according to local circumstances. For instance, there can be no advantage in encroachment upon the many thousands of acres of Mr. E. H. Harriman, the eastern boundary of which should be the western boundary of the Preserve. Mr. Harriman has been and is engaged in treating his extensive woodland after the plan proposed for this Preserve. The boundaries should follow, in most instances, existing roads and natural dividing valleys and streams, and county or township lines.

For the Government to obtain the wild woodland of this section, and hold in fee, may require too large an appropriation of money.

The Government should obtain, through condemnation proceedings, rights or easements in order to preserve the essentials of a park while diminishing as little as possible the value of land for villa, private park, or small farm purposes. A Highland Preserve Commission should be created along the lines of similar bodies, and to the engineer and proper officers of this Commission there should be given full authority to prevent the ruthless cutting of timber which is liable to be of a character to affect the beauty of the preserve, and, throughout that part of the region which can be seen by travelers on the river, the officers of the Commission should have the power to prevent the establishment of disfiguring and offensive industries, such as all quarrying as a business, iron works, chemical works, etc., etc.

The control of the forestry should be intelligent, but reasonable, and look toward the creation of a Forest. If of a proper character, destructive forest fires would be prevented and the possible future advantage of this region as a watershed would be preserved. The effect of this treatment of this extensive woodland would be to open this region to the West Point Post—situated nearly in its center—to access for military practice and maneuvers, and jurisdiction for this purpose should be given to the United States. It would be, in one sense, an enlargement of the United States Military Reservation—most desirable in view of the large expenditures being made at West Point at the present time.

Also, there would be an educational advantage of the nature of an object-lesson in thrift and æsthetics.

The result of good forestry would be greatly to increase the future value of forest land by the small temporary loss (or escape) of perhaps one-eighth of the timber which otherwise might be cut—for, under this plan, the *timber cut* and

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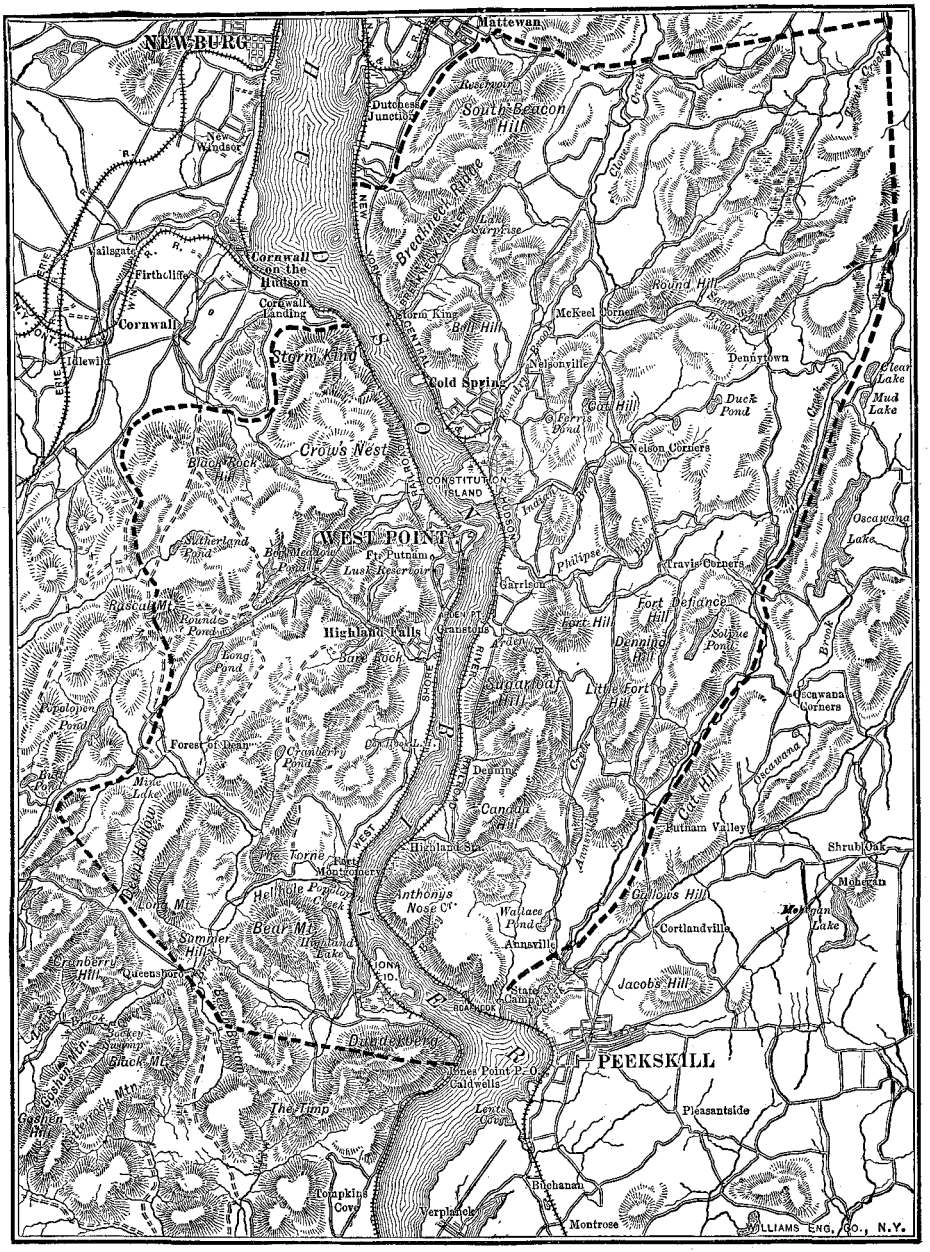

A NATIONAL PARK ON THE HUDSON

The portion of this map inclosed by the dotted line is approximately the territory of the proposed preserve

the *land* continue to belong to the present owners.

The influence of the "good roads movement" may be cited in an illustrative way. The authoritative making of a good road has been promptly followed always by great improvement of all roads in its vicinity.

The absence of unpleasant industries on the shores of the Hudson would aid its cleanliness and purity, and the general protection suggested would preserve the natural beauties. To-day the eye of the traveler sees sharp lines of demarcation between uncut and cut timberland where in the latter instance *every tree* over many acres has been cut.

It is not intended to limit the present

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owner beyond the degree asked by this plan. He may make his woodland arable, and residences may be erected, new roads may be constructed, with such blasting or quarrying as might be required for their making, while the effort of the Commission shall be to increase the *general* beauty of the region and prevent local destruction.

The award to the owner for that which he is called upon to give up will come, as has been said, by condemnation proceedings.

As the scheme for the creation of a National Preserve by easements is novel and without precedent, we have comparatively little to aid in the determination of the value of these easements.

One course might be to fix their values through the courts and buy these easements outright.

A careful study of the tax value and market value of this wild land leads to the belief in the practicability of this plan.

Another plan would be to make payment for the land by the remission of one-half, or possibly a larger proportion, of taxes, *i. e.*, by such payments to the towns, counties, and State by the United States. This has some advantage as a *continuing* benefit to the owner, his heirs and assigns; and the aggregate taxation of this wild land, as shown by the books of the town assessors, would not call for a large appropriation. Whenever the woodland should change to residential or farming land, through choice of the owner, the interest of the Government in the payment of these taxes would cease.

A combination of methods might prove useful. The Commission might buy such land as should be offered at or below a fixed, low price per acre, and obtain easements where the land was held at too high a price.

It should be remembered that two Government Posts are situated *in* this section proposed to be set apart as a National Preserve—the West Point Military Reservation and the Iona Island Naval Station. These would afford headquarters for engineering, forestry, and police control.

In a consideration of the subject of such a Government Preserve as this, one may anticipate objection from two or three sources.

First: From a limited number of property-owners who, *on principle*, are indisposed to relinquish any part of any of their possessions, and who would regard such easements as have been mentioned, though unimportant to themselves, as something "taken" from them.

Secondly: In a few accessible sections, wood is cut each year to supply industries which are adjacent to the Highlands. Property-owners in these comparatively small sections will make objection; to whom answer may be made that, with a proper forestry, their sacrifice would be small, while the general good, and their personal advantage in the *future* quality of their lands, would outweigh all objections except with a certain class who make a practice of buying good timber land, cutting every tree therefrom, and promptly selling the land thus robbed.

Finally, there might arise in some quarters, should there be an adoption of the plan of award through partial remission of taxes, a cry of "tax-dodging." This would be far from the truth indeed, and the statement that the aggregate of taxes to town, county, and State from assessment of this unimproved woodland is small can be verified by examination of the books of the local assessors.

Geologically, as shown by the Government map, it will be seen that the rock throughout this region is gneiss, or "false granite," the quarrying of which gives no pecuniary profit, and there is very little trap rock to be found, and that chiefly in inaccessible situations.

Industries which find and make use of limestone, gravel, and clay are situated to the south, and outside of the region suggested for this Preserve.

Nature has given to us this very beautiful section of country; the State of New York has done its part by marking and preserving certain of the sites of most importance; the United States should preserve its beauty; and it would be eminently suitable that on Thursday, September 23, 1909 (the day determined upon by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee for the "dedication of parks and memorials" along the Hudson

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River), this National memorial should take effect with appropriate exercises.

The recognition by the United States of the State of New York, in this proposition, is due by way of respect to "State rights." Acquiescence and approval on the part of Legislature and Governor are probable, and should come about in the usual way.

The following extracts from acts creating the National Military Parks of Chickamauga and of Shiloh are suggestive in connection with a consideration of our subject.

The act establishing the National Military Park at the battlefield of Chickamauga[1] provides for the acquiring of title to the lands covered by the battlefield by the act of 1888, and Section 4 of the act provides: "That the Secretary of War is hereby authorized to enter into agreements, upon such nominal terms as he may prescribe, with such present owners of the land as may desire to remain upon it, to occupy and cultivate their present holdings, upon condition that they will preserve the present buildings and roads, and the present outlines of field and forest, and that they will only cut trees or underbrush under such regulations as the Secretary may prescribe, and that they will assist in caring for and protecting all tablets, monuments, or such other artificial works as may from time to time be erected by proper authority."

The Park is in charge of a commission of three members, under the supervision of the Secretary of War, and provides for their opening roads and marking out the position of the regular troops at the battle, and also allows the authorities of any State to enter upon the land and mark the positions occupied by the troops of that State.

The National Military Park at the battlefield of Shiloh[2] recites that—

"In order that the armies of the Southwest which served in the Civil War, like their comrades of the Eastern armies at Gettysburg and those of the Central West at Chickamauga, may have the history of one of their memorable battles preserved on the ground where they fought, the battlefield of Shiloh, in the State of Tennessee, is hereby declared to be a National Military Park whenever title to the same shall have been acquired by the United States, and the usual jurisdiction over the lands and the roads of same shall have been granted to the United States by the State of Tennessee."

The act is practically similar to the Chickamauga act, and provides in the same way for the leasing of lands to present holders, who must agree not to cut trees, etc.

Congress has each year in its appropriations given the sum of $75,000 to each Commission for carrying on its work, and from time to time makes further special provisions for the care and development of the parks.

The creation of a National Preserve in the Highlands of the Hudson would accomplish for this memorial in the East a result essentially similar to that obtained in the two National Military Parks just mentioned. Probably, in an area as large as this which is asked for, the method of Government ownership in fee, with the leasing to present occupants, would not be practical.

In connection with condemnation proceedings at the time of the acquirement of land for the Gettysburg Park, a controversy arose between the Gettysburg Electric Railway Company and the United States. The jury found the value of land owned by the railway company to be $30,000. The company objected, and won in a lower court on two grounds.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision, Mr. Justice Peckham, after stating the case, delivering the opinion of the Court as follows:

"The really important question to be determined in these proceedings is, whether the use to which the petitioner desires to put the land described in the petitions is of that kind of public use for which the Government of the United States is authorized to condemn land. . . .

"Is the proposed use to which this land is to be put, a public use within this limitation? . . .

"In these acts of Congress and in the joint resolution the intended use of this land is plainly set forth. It is stated in

[1] C. 806 of the laws of 1890 (26 Stat. 333).
[2] C. 12 of the laws of 1894 (28 Stat. 597).

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the second volume of Judge Dillon's work on Municipal Corporations (4th ed., sec. 600) that when the legislature has declared the use or purpose to be a public one, its judgment will be respected by the courts, unless the use be palpably without reasonable foundation. Many authorities are cited in the note, and, indeed, the rule commends itself as a rational and proper one. . . .

"It is quite a different view of the question which courts will take when this power is delegated to a private corporation. In that case the presumption that the intended use for which the corporation proposes to take the land is public, is not so strong as where the Government intends to use the land itself. . . .

"Upon the question whether the proposed use of this land is a public one, we think there can be no well-founded doubt. And also, in our judgment, the Government has the constitutional power to condemn the land for the proposed use. . . .

"Any act of Congress which plainly and directly tends to enhance the respect and love of the citizen for the institutions of his country, and to quicken and strengthen his motives to defend them, and which is germane to and intimately connected with and appropriate to the exercise of some one or all of the powers granted by Congress, must be valid. This proposed use comes within such description. . . .

"The end to be attained by this proposed use, as provided for by the act of Congress, is legitimate. and lies within the scope of the Constitution. The battle of Gettysburg was one of the great battles of the world. The numbers contained in the opposing armies were great; the sacrifice of life was dreadful; while the bravery and, indeed, heroism displayed by both the contending forces rank high with the highest exhibition of those qualities ever made by man. The importance of the issue involved in the contest of which this great battle was a part cannot be overestimated. The existence of the Government itself and the perpetuity of our institutions depended upon the result. Valuable lessons in the art of war can now be learned from an examination of this great battlefield in connection with the history of the events which there took place. Can it be that the Government is without power to reserve the land, and properly mark out the various sites upon which this struggle took place? Can it not erect the monuments provided for by these acts of Congress, or even take possession of the field of battle in the name and for the benefit of all the citizens of the country for the present and for the future? Such a use seems necessarily not only a public use, but one so closely connected with the welfare of the Republic itself as to be within the powers granted Congress by the Constitution for the purpose of protecting and preserving the whole country. It would be a great object-lesson to all who looked upon the land thus cared for, and it would show a proper recognition of the great things that were done there on those momentous days. By this use the Government manifests for the benefit of all its citizens the value put upon the services and exertions of the citizen soldiers of that period. Their successful effort to preserve the integrity and solidarity of the great republic of modern times is forcibly impressed upon every one who looks over the field. The value of the sacrifices then freely made is rendered plainer and more durable by the fact that the Government of the United States, through its representatives in Congress assembled, appreciates and endeavors to perpetuate it by this most suitable recognition. Such action on the part of Congress touches the heart and comes home to the imagination of every citizen, and greatly tends to enhance his love and respect for those institutions for which these heroic sacrifices were made. The greater the love of the citizen for the institutions of his country, the greater is the dependence properly to be placed upon him for their defense in time of necessity, and it is to such men that the country must look for its safety. The institutions of our country which were saved at this enormous expenditure of life and property ought to and will be regarded with proportionate affection. Here upon this battlefield is one of the proofs of that expenditure, and the sacri-

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fices are rendered more obvious and more easily appreciated when such a battlefield is preserved by the Government at the public expense. . . ."

This Supreme Court decision in condemnations,[1] as expressed by Judge Peckham, indicates the point of view which would be taken by the courts on questions which might arise in the course of the creation of this National Preserve in the Highlands; while the argument of Judge Peckham applies as well to this subject as to that in favor of which it was delivered. There would have been no Gettysburg had it not been for the "bravery and heroism" of those who lived in the period of the American Revolution.

THE DEATH OF HAPPY GENE SHEEHAN

A TRUE STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE

BY FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

The "stories" of the reporter on a daily paper are written under such trying conditions of hurry and confusion that they seldom have, in the very nature of the case, what is called the "literary touch." But occasionally a news writer produces a story which has real qualities of vividness, pathos, and power. The following account of the death of Happy Gene Sheehan, which we reprint by special permission from the New York Sun, belongs to this class. On the morning when it appeared, a group of business men, one of whom has related the incident to us, were riding from Peekskill to New York in a commuters' club car. Several games of cards were in progress, and the rest of the passengers were busy with their newspapers or in conversation. Suddenly a clergyman, who had been reading the Sun, rose and asked permission to read a story which he had just finished. He had read only a few lines before the card games were stopped, newspapers were laid down, and every man in the car was giving earnest attention to the reading. It was the story of Happy Sheehan; and the effect which it produced upon such a group of busy men, not easily to be moved by sentiment, and not at all, except to disgust, by sentimentality, was the best compliment which it could have received.—THE EDITORS.

MRS. Catherine Sheehan stood in the darkened parlor of her home at 361 West Fifteenth Street late yesterday afternoon, and told her version of the murder of her son Gene, the youthful policeman whom a thug named Billy Morley shot in the forehead, down under the Chatham Square elevated station early yesterday morning. Gene's mother was thankful that her boy hadn't killed Billy Morley before he died, "because," she said, "I can say honestly, even now, that I'd rather have Gene's dead body brought home to me, as it will be to-night, than to have him come to me and say, 'Mother, I had to kill a man this morning.'

"God comfort the poor wretch that killed the boy," the mother went on, "because he is more unhappy to-night than we are here. Maybe he was weak-minded through drink. He couldn't have known Gene or he wouldn't have killed him. Did they tell you at the Oak Street Station that the other policemen called Gene Happy Sheehan? Anything they told you about him is true, because no one would lie about him. He was always happy, and he was a fine-looking young man, and he always had to duck his helmet when he walked under the gas fixture in the hall, as he went out the door.

"He was doing dance steps on the floor of the basement, after his dinner yesterday noon, for the girls—his sisters, I mean—and he stopped of a sudden when he saw the clock, and picked up his helmet. Out on the street he made pretend to arrest a little boy he knows, who was standing there—to see Gene

[1] Vol. 160, U. S., page 668.

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come out, I suppose—and when the little lad ran away laughing, I called out, 'You couldn't catch Willie, Gene; you're getting fat.'

"'Yes, and old, mammy,' he said, him who is—who was—only twenty-six—'so fat,' he said, 'that I'm getting a new dress coat that'll make you proud when you see me in it, mammy.' And he went over Fifteenth Street whistling a tune and slapping his leg with a folded newspaper. And he hasn't come back again.

"But I saw him once after that, thank God, before he was shot. It's strange, isn't it, that I hunted him up on his beat late yesterday afternoon for the first time in my life? I never go around where my children are working or studying—one I sent through college with what I earned at dressmaking and some other little money I had, and he's now a teacher; and the youngest I have at college now. I don't mean that their father wouldn't send them if he could, but he's an invalid, although he's got a position lately that isn't too hard for him. I got Gene prepared for college, too, but he wanted to go right into an office in Wall Street. I got him in there, but it was too quiet and tame for him, Lord have mercy on his soul; and then, two years ago, he wanted to go on the police force, and he went.

"After he went down the street yesterday I found a little book on a chair, a little list of the streets or something, that Gene had forgot. I knew how particular they are about such things, and I didn't want the boy to get in trouble, and so I threw on a shawl and walked over through Chambers Street toward the river to find him. He was standing on a corner some place down there near the bridge clapping time with his hands for a little newsy that was dancing; but he stopped clapping, struck, Gene did, when he saw me. He laughed when I handed him the little book and told that was why I'd searched for him, patting me on the shoulder when he laughed—patting me on the shoulder.

"'It's a bad place for you here, Gene,' I said. 'Then it must be bad for you, too, mammy,' said he; and as he walked to the end of his beat with me—it was dark then—he said, 'They're lots of crooks here, mother, and they know and hate me and they're afraid of me'—proud, he said it—'but maybe they'll get me some night.' He patted me on the back and turned and walked east toward his death. Wasn't it strange that Gene said that?

"You know how he was killed, of course, and how— Now let me talk about it, children, if I want to. I promised you, didn't I, that I wouldn't cry any more or carry on? Well, it was five o'clock this morning when a boy rang the bell here at the house and I looked out the window and said, 'Is Gene dead?' 'No, ma'am,' answered the lad, 'but they told me to tell you he was hurt in a fire and is in the hospital.' Jerry, my other boy, had opened the door for the lad and was talking to him while I dressed a bit. And then I walked down stairs and saw Jerry standing silent under the gaslight, and I said again, 'Jerry, is Gene dead?' And he said 'Yes,' and he went out.

"After a while I went down to the Oak Street station myself, because I couldn't wait for Jerry to come back. The policemen all stopped talking when I came in, and then one of them told me it was against the rules to show me Gene at that time. But I knew the policeman only thought I'd break down, but I promised him I wouldn't carry on, and he took me into a room to let me see Gene. It was Gene.

"I know to-day how they killed him. The poor boy that shot him was standing in Chatham Square arguing with another man when Gene told him to move on. When the young man wouldn't, but only answered back, Gene shoved him, and the young man pulled a revolver and shot Gene in the face, and he died before Father Rafferty, of St. James's, got to him. God rest his soul. A lot of policemen heard the shot, and they all came running with their pistols and clubs in their hands. Policeman Laux—I'll never forget his name or any of the others that ran to help Gene—came down the Bowery and ran out into the middle of the square where Gene lay.

"When the man that shot Gene saw the policeman coming, he crouched down and shot at Policeman Laux, but, thank God, he missed him. Then policemen named Harrington and Rourke and

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Moran and Kehoe chased the man all around the streets there, some heading him off when he tried to run into that street that goes off at an angle—East Broadway, is it?—a big crowd had come out of Chinatown now and was chasing the man too, until Policemen Rourke and Kehoe got him backed up against a wall. When Policeman Kehoe came up close, the man shot his pistol right at Kehoe and the bullet grazed Kehoe's helmet.

"All the policemen jumped at the man then, and one of them knocked the pistol out of his hand with a blow of a club. They beat him, this Billy Morley, so Jerry says his name is, but they had to because he fought so hard. They told me this evening that it will go hard with the unfortunate murderer, because Jerry says that when a man named Frank O'Hare, who was arrested this evening charged with stealing cloth or something, was being taken to headquarters, he told Detective Gegan that he and a one-armed man who answered to the description of Morley, the young man who killed Gene, had a drink last night in a saloon at Twenty-second Street and Avenue A, and that when the one-armed man was leaving the saloon he turned and said, 'Boys, I'm going out now to bang a guy with buttons.'

"They haven't brought me Gene's body yet. Coroner Shrady, so my Jerry says, held Billy Morley, the murderer, without letting him get out on bail, and I suppose that in a case like this they have to do a lot of things before they can let me have the body here. If Gene only hadn't died before Father Rafferty got to him, I'd be happier. He didn't need to make his confession, you know, but it would have been better, wouldn't it? He wasn't bad, and he went to mass on Sunday without being told; and even in Lent, when we always say the rosary out loud in the dining-room every night, Gene himself said to me the day after Ash Wednesday, 'If you want to say the rosary at noon, mammy, before I go out, instead of at night when I can't be here, we'll do it.'

"God will see that Gene's happy to-night, won't he, after Gene said that?" the mother asked as she walked out into the hallway with her black-robed daughters grouped behind her. "I know he will," she said, "and I'll—" She stopped with an arm resting on the banister to support her. "I—I know I promised you, girls," said Gene's mother, "that I'd try not to cry any more, but I can't help it." And she turned toward the wall and covered her face with her apron.

THE POWER OF THE SOUTHERN ELECTION REGISTRAR

BY THOMAS JESSE JONES

THAT a white man, an ordained minister in the Presbyterian Church, holding the Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, and a former student of Washington and Lee University, has been deprived of the right to vote in Hampton, Virginia, under the shadow of the Jamestown Exposition, is an occurrence worthy of note as at least indicating the possibilities of thwarting individual rights under a democratic government.

To make clear the process used in disfranchising intelligent men, it will be necessary to outline the constitutional qualifications of a voter. As the cases of disfranchisement described in this article are in Virginia, the extracts given are from the new Virginia Constitution, enacted 1902. The provisions are similar in the majority of the Southern States:

SECTION 20. After the first day of January, 1904, every male citizen . . . shall be entitled to register, provided: First. That he has paid all State poll tax, etc. Second. That, unless physically unable, he make application to register in own handwriting, without aid, suggestion, or memorandum, in the presence of the registration officers,

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stating therein his name, age, date and place of birth, residence and occupation at the time and for the two years next preceding, and whether he has previously voted, and, if so, the State, county, and precinct in which he voted last. Third. That he answer on oath any and all questions affecting his qualifications as an elector, etc.

In the case of the white minister previously mentioned, each one of these provisions was used to deny him the right to register and to vote. This man first applied in May, 1905. As the irony of fate would have it, he was on his way to join the State Superintendent of Education in speaking to a white audience concerning the importance of educating their children.

Entering the dilapidated old store where registration took place, he applied to the young man in charge. The first difficulty arose over the tax receipts, because the registrar in his ignorance maintained that the receipt with the words "per capita" was not for poll tax. After some explanation of the meaning of the words "per capita," this receipt was considered valid and the registrar proceeded to his second blockade. Presenting the applicant with a blank piece of a penny-pad paper, he demanded a written application for registration. This was written out as carefully as the cheap paper would permit. But, alas! with all the applicant's care, he had neglected to note his age in the application, and even though he had given the exact date of birth and the exact place and time of last voting, he was ignominiously denied the right to vote. As the minister buttoned his rain-coat for the twelve-mile drive through wind and rain to plead the cause of education for the white children of Virginia, he innocently ventured the remark that he understood what the registrar was "up to," and immediately he was insultingly threatened with imprisonment.

Three months later this man made a second application to the same registrar. Again he demanded the tax receipts. Though the registrar admitted that he had seen them, the applicant was compelled to walk to his home, two miles away, to obtain them. Again it was necessary to explain that per capita and poll tax are the same, in order to satisfy the registrar of the validity of the receipts.

This time the applicant succeeded in passing the second blockade by writing every detail of the application accurately. Then the registrar retreated to his third line of defense and gave the applicant the following written questions, which some lawyer or committee of lawyers had prepared:

1. How, and for what time, are the following officers appointed—county clerk, county treasurer, sheriff, commissioner of revenue?
2. When does the General Assembly convene?
3. How are the judges of the Supreme Court appointed?
4. What duties must judges perform before they can take office?
5. When and by whom may a writ of supersedeas be granted?
6. When does the Supreme Court have original jurisdiction in the State of Virginia?

Without careful examination, the registrar answered that the applicant had not qualified because a mistake had been made in giving the length of time served by the county clerk. A reference to the Constitution proved that the registrar was wrong. Then he discovered another error in the statement that the Commissioner of Revenue was elected instead of appointed. The Constitution reads that he shall be elected or appointed.

As the remaining questions were technical, the registrar, a man of very meager education, did not dare examine the answers to them. The minister was again denied registration.

In the spring of 1906 another effort to register was made. This time an entirely new blockade system had been formed, for the authorities refused to let the applicant pay his taxes for the reason that they did not have his name on the list. This was very peculiar in view of the fact that only a year before his taxes had been received by the same officer.

The Constitution provides that an appeal may be made to county court. As this involves the expense of employing a lawyer—an expense which the average individual cannot afford to incur—the applicant has not availed himself of this privilege in order to learn the various means used to disfranchise the average man who is displeasing to the registrar.

Even though very few white men are

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disfranchised in this way, the case is still noteworthy in showing the extremely arbitrary power given to irresponsible and uneducated registrars. If this injustice can be done to a white man and a former student of a Southern school, one can imagine with what ease colored men, however worthy, are disfranchised.

The depressing effect of such injustice upon intelligent colored men cannot be understood even by a disfranchised white man, much less by the average man who enjoys all the privileges of a democratic government. If we are to give the colored man a "square deal," we must assure him that when he is worthy of democratic privileges they will be granted to him regardless of color.

SARAH AND MR. SALAMOVITCH

BY MIRIAM FINN SCOTT

THE excitement of the graduation exercises was still in Sarah's olive cheeks and dark eyes as she wove her way homeward through the stoop-shouldered, bearded men, the shawled women, the scurrying, playing children that swarmed over the East Side streets from wall to wall. Her vision, as she walked, was all upon the beautiful future. She saw herself a student in Normal College, saw herself years later graduating, saw herself a teacher. Then she would be in another world, toward which she yearned vaguely but powerfully, and as naturally as a flower toward light—the world where one had comfort and could grow. And into this world she would take her parents, who all their lives had known only hard work and sorrow.

This vision was still bright when, in their three-room apartment, her graduation dress of cheap lawn exchanged for her old school dress, she and her mother sat at the dining-table busy at the bead-work. With quick mechanical fingers they picked up bead after bead on thin flexible wires, fastening the beads into ordered patterns—tiny black bead after tiny black bead, the same patterns over and over, the strip of passementerie slowly growing longer and longer. Together they earned in an hour from six to ten cents. Just so had they worked since, when Sarah was only ten, they had passed through Ellis Island.

At length Sarah looked at her mother's gentle, deeply lined face. "When Miss Jones told me good-by," she said in Jewish, "I almost had to promise her that I was going to college."

"I wish you could keep your promise, my little Sarah," her mother returned softly.

"I think I can," said Sarah.

The lines on her mother's forehead deepened, and her next words came with a great effort. "Sarah, it almost breaks my heart to say it, but I don't see how you can go further."

Sarah's beads dropped into her lap. "Why, mother? Can't I do as I did till now? I'll work at the beads or on the bows on boys' pants after school hours, and in vacation time I'll work in a shop. Just as I've done all through school."

"Yes, my little Sarah, but working together we hardly make two dollars a week." After a pause her mother continued, more softly and slowly: "I must tell you something, Sarah, that I kept from you the last few weeks during your examinations. The foreman where father works thinks father does not do enough to earn regular wages of nine dollars a week. He changed his work to piece-work, and the most that he can make this way is seven dollars. Count up and see how we can manage to live on that."

Sarah, white with disappointment, laid her work on the table and took from her school-bag paper and pencil, and set down the monthly items of expense as her mother gave them.

"How much does it make?" asked her mother, stopping her work and looking over Sarah's paper.

"Forty-three dollars," answered Sarah.

"And that's not counting one cent for clothing or sickness," said her mother.

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"Now add together what father makes and what we make at the bead-work."

"Only thirty-seven dollars!" Sarah cried.

The missing six dollars made plain her mother's meaning. Her beautiful vision of the future vanished. She saw her vacation months lengthening into years of continuous toil in the shops. She remembered that work—oh, so deadening! She remembered the girls! She saw herself five years later as one of them—worn, or stupid, or frivolous, or all. She did not understand, but she vaguely felt that something was wrong about their work, it dwarfed them so. Her grief gave way to tears, and she quietly walked to the window which looked down into a dingy back yard filled with rubbish, and crossed and recrossed with tangled clothes-lines.

That night Sarah called on Jennie Blitz, who boarded in the same block, and asked if help was needed at the tailor shop where Jennie worked. But none was, as the "slack" season had begun with Mr. Salamovitch. For several mornings, guided by "want" advertisements, Sarah vainly searched for work; then, finally, she found a place in a shop not far from the Normal College. Her work was to put up cheap ribbon in packages of ten yards, her pay two dollars and a half a week.

At first Sarah clung to the hope that something would turn up before the opening of Normal College which would enable her, after all, to enter school. Perhaps her father would get a raise. But July passed, and no good fortune came. And August passed, and still she kept at the swift, monotonous, dulling work. And then came the opening day of College. And still she rolled up the pieces of ribbon. She knew then that her hopes for that year were gone.

The second day after College had opened, the "boss" discharged all the new hands at noon. Sarah took her money and her apron and silently walked out. Her longing led her past the Normal College. For an hour she walked up and down Lexington Avenue; and then she took her stand in a doorway near the College and gazed at its ivied front, out of which girls were steadily streaming. Their faces were fresh, happy, hopeful; they were going to enter that great, rich world which was closed against her. And she and her parents were to remain outside, in a world of misery and darkness.

She turned away, a sob clutched her throat, and hot tears burned her face.

That night she went again to Jennie. "Yes, 'busy' is on again," said Jennie. "My boss wants girls. You come with me to-morrow morning."

Ten years before, Max Salamovitch had entered the "Golden Land" with one dollar in his pocket. For two years he worked limitless hours in the blackest of tailoring sweat-shops. He slept in a cot put up at night among four other "boarders" in one room of a crowded tenement. He ate in restaurants where "regular dinners" were fourteen cents. His one dollar began to multiply itself, first by tens, then by hundreds. He "took over" his wife. She also knew how to sew. Shortly after her arrival they started in business for themselves in a small shop, with two rented machines. Their working day was measured by their hours awake. Their wants were few, their expenses small. Mr. Salamovitch did work cheaply, and the little shop on Cherry Street grew busier and busier. The increase in his trade with "uptown customers" who came to him through the "teacher ladies" from the near-by settlement caused him to move to his present place, across whose large plate-glass window, in letters of blue and gold, ran the legend, "The Original Max Salamovitch."

The next morning, when Sarah and Jennie entered the narrow shop, papered with the "Latest Styles from Paris," the seats about the long tailor's table were already occupied, and half a dozen machines were buzzing under the guidance of pale, thin-faced girls. At the door, near a papier-mâché model in a spangled wedding-dress, stood the coatless Mr. Salamovitch, round, about forty, black-bearded, a diamond stud in his soiled and crumpled bosom. He had torn open an envelope and was handing a note to a bright-eyed girl, whom his seven-year-old Izzie, his oldest child, had

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just summoned from the floor above his shop.

"So read already, Rosie," he said, with annoyance in his voice. "Vat does de teacher lady vants now?"

Rosie took the note from Mr. Salamovitch's hand and read that Miss Smith would come for the white waist at four, and would Mr. Salamovitch please not disappoint her a third time?

"Aind't dem teacher ladies pretic'lar?" Mr. Salamovitch complained. "But dey are goot bizness—goot trade. Ve mus' gif dem de salisfaction."

He turned and noticed Sarah. "Vell, leetle girl, vat's you vant?"

"I heard you need finishers," Sarah answered.

"Oh, you vant a job. But by me is now bizy. Can you vork hurry up?"

"I'll do my best. You can send me away if I don't suit."

Mr. Salamovitch's quick business eye took in at a glance Sarah's alertness and readiness to work. "Vell," he said, "if you can't sew, you'll rip. Never min', ve'll keep you goin'."

Sarah was given a place in the back of the room near Jennie's machine, and set to work sewing on hooks and eyes, pulling bastings, finishing bottoms of skirts. It took but a little while for Max Salamovitch to see Sarah's usefulness, and in the days that followed he saw that he got its full benefit. When she was not sewing, it was, "Sarah, und vat's de madder you don't hurry up mit de hodd biegel-iron?" "Sarah, for vy you aind't goin' already fer de vite tapes und bottins?" or "Sarah, here is nine cends—qvick run to Gran' Strit fer de bes' shields fer the pretic'lar uptown ladies."

The first week or two Sarah was all disappointment that she had had to give up college for this dark and dingy tailor shop, with its machines that never stopped whirring. But after that her hope began to return. Perhaps another year fortune would be kinder. This hope grew stronger, and soon came another hope. If she studied hard of nights, perhaps, after all, she would not lose a year. So she arranged to borrow text-books from a good-natured college friend who lived across the street—the books to be taken in the evening and returned early the following morning.

But in her calculation Sarah had neglected one item—namely, that she went to work at half-past seven and rarely got home before seven. The first night she shut herself in the kitchen at eight and started in hopefully on the beginner's book in Latin. The next thing she knew, her mother was gently shaking her shoulder, saying:

"Sarah, Sarah dear, it's almost eleven; come to bed."

Try as she would, on the following nights she could not keep awake. Twelve hours of straining work fitted her for nothing but bed. But she could not give up the idea of studying. To give that up would be to give up the dream-seen future, the hope of bringing some real life and light to her mother and father and little brothers. She hit upon a new plan. She placed the round nickel alarm clock before her with the alarm set half an hour ahead. Usually its jangle caught her nodding, or her head already fallen on her book. She would start up, set the alarm half an hour forward, and go on. And thus she stumbled after her class in college.

In the tailor shop Sarah continued the drudge. She seemed willing, and that was reason enough to Mr. Salamovitch for putting more and more upon her. In her heart she rebelled at her employer's little tyrannies, little meannesses, and sometimes the hot words were very near her lips. But she remembered how matters stood at home, and the words remained unspoken.

There soon happened, however, that which raised her from her low place. One afternoon an errand-boy handed Max Salamovitch a square envelope and said that there was to be a reply.

"Ach, dem teacher ladies!" the tailor groaned. "Aind't dere no vay to spheak bizniss exshept by writin'? Dey pays me to make clo'es, not to read dis—dis crazy Englis'!"

He went out with note in hand to look for Rosie. But when he reached Rosie's flat, there on the door, newly tacked up, was a red quarantine card. He knew well the meaning of this familiar card: within was raging the measles.

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His heart fell, but, remembering that once before he had asked his "hands" if any of them knew "de Englis'" and that the answer had been "No" (green hands are the cheapest), he decided not to go away without at least a trial. He knocked at the door and called out:

"Rosily, jus' von leetle minute—Rosily!"

Rosie's voice sounded in response, and Mr. Salamovitch continued: "I push de letter unter de door. Read vat she say, Rosie, und call it oud to me!"

But as Mr. Salamovitch was bending toward the bottom of the door the doctor came up the stairs and ordered him away. Mr. Salamovitch returned to his shop in despair.

"Mein Gott!" he cried to his wife. "Alvays dey vants to have de shickness—alvays de measles; und Rosie, she too! Who read my lettahs? Ach, de troubles on my head!"

Mrs. Salamovitch tried to console her husband by suggesting, "Maybe tomorrow Rosie be better." But this did not help to relieve Mr. Salamovitch's present need. His despair flowed volubly on till Sarah stepped from her machine.

"Please, Mr. Salamovitch, perhaps I can read the note for you," she said.

He turned upon her. "Vell!" he shouted, "so vy you jus' keep sittin' dere—sittin' dere und sayin' not'in'?"

He gave her the note. "Vell?"

She read it, and wrote the answer. From that day Sarah had Rosie's place as translator and secretary, and soon she was keeping Mr. Salamovitch's accounts and making out his bills. Mr. Salamovitch had said in guarded phrases that he would let her do this "easy writin' vork" that was "jus' like play" during "regeler bizniss," but in practice it developed that business hours were too crowded, and so he had her stay an hour after the girls. And why not? Didn't he himself always work overtime finishing up things?

She hinted once at extra pay for this extra work, but he looked at her indignantly. "Alvays you girls t'ink of money—nefer of your vork—alvays jus' money."

One Saturday evening after the girls had gone he came over to Sarah and said: "Sarah, if you learn me efery evenin' for a hour how to write my name in de Englis'"—he signed his checks with the mark of illiteracy, the cross—"I gif you a raise of feefty cents. Vat's you t'ink of dat, Sarah, hey?" he finished, with the smile of a benefactor.

His self-approving manner aroused her indignation—though she was surprised to have even this much come from his own initiative. "That will mean for me to remain here until nine o'clock every evening," she tried to answer calmly. "I already stay here an hour or two after the other girls are gone."

"Aind't you salisfied yet?" he cried in astonishment. "Ach, you girls!" He leaned nearer her and whispered, "Yes, Sarah, I'll gif you a feefty cent raise—but you von't say not'in' to de odder girls."

She considered the fifty cents. It was as much as her mother made in a week at the beads; her mother could now give the bead work up. Fearing the tailor might change his mind, Sarah quickly said, "Yes, I'll do it."

And thus it was settled. Sarah guided the big hand, so clever with the needle, so clumsy with the pen, till it could shape a wavering but legible "Max Salamovitch." Then she went on and taught him the rudiments of reading, though months of patient labor on her part made it plain that he would never be more than a stumbler.

More and more English-speaking customers, and other customers as well, began to come into Max's shop; more machines and more girls were crowded in; and more and more responsible work was shifted upon Sarah. She wrote all the notes to valued "teacher ladies;" she carried their finished dresses to them; when they called at the shop, it was always to her they wanted to talk. But though Max Salamovitch saw her value, it never occurred to him to pay her more than her three dollars and a half a week.

Autumn passed, and winter, and the awful summer that bakes and chokes the close-packed people of the East Side. All this while Sarah, with the help of

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her alarm clock, tried to study. But since she had begun the extra work that saved her mother from the eye-destroying beads it was seldom that she could hold her mind upon a book. Usually she ate her supper and fell into bed. College seemed to grow farther and farther away. And the farther off it seemed, the more Sarah longed for it; and this longing, this hopelessness, grew in intensity as the time came on for college to open again. She saw herself becoming what ill fortune and lack of chance had made her work-mates—faded and weary, mere parts of a machine. And for her parents she saw only continued hardship, for her little brothers no chance.

At the end of a September afternoon—it was very dark in the shop; gas cost money, so Max did not turn it on till the last possible moment—Jennie, at Sarah's side, was guiding very fine tucks through her machine with her fingers necessarily very close to the needle, which in the darkness she could scarcely discern. Suddenly a cry made the girls drop their work. Sarah turned in time to see Jennie falling from her seat unconscious, the forefinger of her left hand pierced by the needle. Sarah quickly caught her, and called to the nearest girl to hold Jennie while she carefully turned the wheel of the machine and released the finger. "Make room, girls, please!" she cried, and laid Jennie gently on the floor.

Mr. Salamovitch stood helpless, confounded; and with his two hands waving in the air, he ejaculated: "Sha—sha—, vat's de madder? Is she dead maybe already?" And he continued to look on helplessly while the doctor Sarah had run for was restoring Jennie.

Only the severer pain caused by the thought of the sufferings of her family in Russia, dependent on her, brought Jennie to work the next day. Mr. Salamovitch was glad to have her back, for this was the Jewish New Year, and "busy" was on again. That day passed, and the next, and Jennie continued coming to work, though her hand was swollen. But, as hard as she tried, she did less than usual.

In consequence of the rush Mr. Salamovitch disappointed more "teacher ladies" that week than ever before, and he regarded Jennie as responsible for his troubles. At the end of the week he handed her an envelope with her week's pay, saying:

"You need not bodder yourself to coming any more here, Jennie."

Jennie's pale face turned a sickly yellow. "Why, what have I done?" she cried in amazement.

"Done?" he repeated loudly and indignantly. "Vy, dat's jus' vat's de madder—you done not'in' de whole veek. Maybe you t'ink I can hold op such a place" (sweeping his arm about the shop) "by jus' payin' you vages. Maybe you t'ink I can bring de whole ruin on my bizniss." He turned to go, thinking the matter with Jennie was settled.

Jennie started after him. "But—but I tried my best—I couldn't help it." She was too overcome with pain and dismay to know what to say.

"Rachel, you can bring dat girl—your cozin, vat vants vork"—Mr. Salamovitch called to the girl who sat opposite Jennie.

"But—" began Jennie.

Mr Salamovitch turned quickly upon her. "Say, I aind't got no time to bodder avay! Maybe you can fin' work by some odder place."

He started off. But in his path stood Sarah. Before, when she had been tempted to speak her thoughts to Mr. Salamovitch, she had been controlled by her personal risk and by a feeling of pity for him. His life seemed so miserable and so sordid to her. But now her body was tense, her big brown eyes were burning with the fire of her soul.

"Mr. Salamovitch," she said, "it wasn't Jennie's fault that she hurt her finger—that she didn't do much work this week. It was so dark here, nobody could see. You never light the gas. It was your fault!"

These words escaped from her lips quickly, sharply, almost incoherently. Mr. Salamovitch was startled. He stared open-mouthed down into the hot face.

"Minds you bizniss, leetle girl. Maybe you t'ink you're boss here—hey, Miss?"

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"I *am* minding my business," Sarah returned.

"Vell, den, shar op!" he again interrupted. "She t'inks because she can write de Englis'—she is already de whole t'ingg."

Regardless of his remarks, Sarah continued resolutely: "If Jennie goes, I go too. *My* finger may be next, and I don't want *you* to tell me to go. I'll go myself." She started to untie her apron-strings.

The sentence "My finger may be next" ran among the girls like an electric spark; it roused them to the thought that they, too, might any day suffer as Jennie had. "She's right—that's a big shame," came in whispers from different parts of the room.

Mr. Salamovitch realized that it would be more difficult to replace Sarah than any other girl in the shop. His fear of business loss controlled his temper. "Vat's you makin' such a fuss about?" he asked, more calmly. "Vat did I do by you?"

"You think I'll stay here after you treated Jennie like that!" She looked at him angrily.

"So, vat is Jennie to you—maybe your cozin?"

"She's my friend. But it isn't Jennie alone. It's everybody else here. You crowd us together in this dirty hole like pigs. All the time it's 'hurry up.' We can't catch our breath. Then, when we hurt our fingers or our heads ache, and we don't turn out enough work to suit you, you send us away."

"Vat! vat!" Max Salamovitch cried.

But Sarah's words came readily. It was the accumulated wrath of months that was now finding an outlet. "No, I will not work for you any more. You think this is Russia. You think there is no right and no justice here. We are just machines for you. You work us to the last drop. You think that the only thing is making money. No—there are other things, and we are going to fight for them—and your own children will help—they will understand. Some day, perhaps, you too will find it out—when it will be too late."

She snatched her sailor from the nail on the wall, and with a beckoning gesture to Jennie, who had been quietly crying during all the time, walked out of the shop.

Monday morning Sarah went downtown to answer an advertisement for addressing envelopes. She accepted the position, though it was temporary work and paid only three dollars a week. While she mechanically copied names, she was constantly thinking how she could earn fifty cents more, so that her mother would not be compelled to take up the bead work again. She decided to do it herself in the evenings, and that night found her again stringing the tiny black beads on fine wire.

Four days she copied names by day, and by night worked at the glittering decoration for ladies' hats, till her head dropped from weariness. On the fourth evening—the children were playing in the street and her father was working overtime in the shop—there came a knock on the door, and when her mother opened it there stood the round presence of Mr. Max Salamovitch.

"Good evenin', Sarah," he said, as cordially as he knew how. "I vas in your strit und I t'ought I go und see maybe you vant to come back by me." His pride did not permit him to confess that he had come to the neighborhood for no other purpose than to ask her to return.

"I have a new job, thank you," she answered, trying not to show her surprise.

Sarah's mother placed a chair for him, and he sat heavily down, put two pudgy hands on two pudgy knees, and smiled benignantly at Sarah.

"Maybe you know dat Jennie is already back by me? She is already back a whole day."

Sarah still tried to hide her surprise, but it was hard. "I didn't know it. I have not seen Jennie since that day."

Mr. Salamovitch nodded his head. "Vell, I tell you vat, you got a head on you! Vat's you t'ingg happened after you vent avay dat night? All dem girls like von got up und said if I don't make you und Jennie to come back rid-avay dey all leave und strike on me. But I vas goin' to make Jennie to come back anyvay. Sarah, you come back, yes?"

Sarah went on picking up the beads.

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"No, thank you; I have other work," she said, quietly.

But Mr. Salamovitch continued, without regard to Sarah's answer. "De teacher ladies alvays vants you. Dey t'ink you're awful smart. Vat's you t'ingg—Miss Schmitt bring me a odder dress to make. She ask me vat's de madder you no more by me."

Mr. Salamovitch's flattery did not move Sarah. She revolted at the thought of going back, unless, indeed—but the idea which came to her was too impossible even to think of. She went on picking up the beads.

Mr. Salamovitch waited a whole minute for an answer from Sarah, and when none came he continued, coaxingly: "Sarah, you come by me to-morrow. I gif you a fine raise, you see." He watched her closely. "I'll let you do only de writin' in my bizniss."

"That's all I do where I work now."

"But I gif you more money. Four dollars a veek!"

Again the impossible thought returned to her, and with such swiftness that she sat dazed by it. She stared into the tailor's round, bearded face, and her eyes grew brighter and brighter.

Mr. Salamovitch spoke again. "Vell, Sarah?"

The great desire to seize this impossible chance that might be possible steadied her. She had a momentary vision of herself mounting the college steps.

"I'll come on one condition," she said, quietly, with firmness. "If you'll let me do your work after two in the afternoon, and in the evening."

Her steady gaze, the finality in her voice, took Mr. Salamovitch aback. She was no longer the "leetle girl." He gazed at her with awe, then he thought a moment.

"Vell," he drawled, as he stood up, "so vy not? But, Sarah"—he smiled ingratiatingly—"you von't say not'in' about all dis to de odder girls?"

BOOKS ON SOCIALISM

THE stimulus given to Socialistic agitation by recent revelations in the insurance, railway, and industrial world has been clearly reflected in an increased output of Socialistic literature, ranging from magazine articles and pamphlets to elaborate treatises advocating all manner of reforms. A number of the more striking books of this character have already received notice in The Outlook, and our readers have thereby been assisted to estimate for themselves the extent and depth of the social unrest provoked by current developments. There has been evidenced on the part of many of the writers an exceptional impatience with existing conditions, a whole-hearted desire for sweeping changes, and a tendency to hark back to the ultra-radical recommendations of the earlier Socialists. It was this tendency that inspired Mr. Mallock's scathing criticism of Socialism; and, apart from the proofs to be found in the pages of modern agitators, it is seen in the publication, in a cheap and popular form, of new editions of Socialistic classics—issued, it is significant to note, by a co-operative publishing house "owned by sixteen hundred Socialist clubs and individual Socialists."

In this way Karl Marx's "Capital" has been made accessible to a new audience whose minds have been prepared, by the drastic exposures of existing social and economic evils, for sympathetic study of the principles and teachings of the father of so-called scientific Socialism. Similarly, another really epoch-marking work in the history of thought, Lewis H.

[1] Capital. By Karl Marx. Vol. I., The Process of Capitalistic Production. Vol. II., The Process of Circulation of Capital. Edited by Frederick Engels. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Co-operative, Chicago.

Ancient Society, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Co-operative, Chicago.

The Ancient Lowly: A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine. By C. Osborne Ward. 2 vols. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Co-operative, Chicago.

Socialism Before the French Revolution. By William B. Guthrie. Introduction by Edwin R. A. Seligman. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Limit of Wealth. By Alfred L. Hutchinson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Morgan's "Ancient Society," has been dragged out to do service in promoting the reactionary Socialistic propaganda. This book, it may perhaps be as well to recall, was not written by its scholarly author with any reformative ideas in mind, but for the purpose of advancing ethnological and social knowledge by defining the various stages which precede civilization. Its immediate inspiration was Morgan's interest in the American Indian, and, after twenty years of faithful study among the native tribes, he was led to adopt an ethnological classification marking out seven distinct stages in the progress of culture—lower, middle, and upper savagery; lower, middle, and upper barbarism; and, finally, civilization. But, to the Socialist, the important feature of his work was its demonstration that in the earliest times society was communistic—a demonstration which was promptly seized upon and popularized by Marx's disciple, Frederick Engels, in his "Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State."

At the present time, republication of Morgan's *magnum opus* by the co-operative publishing house seems to be due to a desire to protect the reader against a fundamental error maintained by C. Osborne Ward in his "The Ancient Lowly," now reprinted in a uniform binding with "Ancient Society." Unlike the writings of Marx and Morgan, this work is practically unknown, although it has been in existence more than a score of years, and is really monumental in scope, being nothing less than a detailed history of the working class of the ancient world as viewed by an uncompromising American Socialist of the root-and-branch school. The fact that "no capitalist publishing house would take the responsibility for so revolutionary a book," and that its author consequently had to have it privately printed, probably accounts in large measure for the popular ignorance concerning it—ignorance which extends even to professional students of sociology. Under the conditions of its present publication it will probably attain a considerable circulation and resultant notoriety.

Its conspicuous merit is the light which it throws on the seamy side of life in the pre-Christian era, as revealed by the fragmentary writings of ancient historians and by the inscriptional discoveries of modern archæology. Its conspicuous defect is the strained interpretation given to the facts with which it is concerned, and the violent, even incendiary, spirit in which these facts are discussed. It is, indeed, a work admirably calculated to inflame the already lamentably intense feeling of class hatred. To give some faint idea of its contents, treatment, and point of view, it may be said that Mr. Ward begins with the dictum that "lordship was the very first condition in the establishment of society; slavery, its antithesis, the second." (To correct which primary false assumption the co-operative publishers refer their patrons to Morgan's "Ancient Society.") He then surveys, with a Carlylean vigor and audacity, the evolution of slavery up to the classical period, and follows this with several hundred pages of realistic description of the bloody slave insurrections—or "strikes," as he would call them—of Greek and Roman times. The woes of the slaves, the cruelty and bestiality of their masters, the inhuman punishments meted out at the least provocation, the massacres, the gladiatorial butcheries, and much else that is terrible and revolting, are described in the frankest and most lurid of language.

Persisting beneath all the carnage and havoc, however, Mr. Ward finds a gleam of hope in the rise of crude trade unions, designed to weld the workers into an organization that would put society on a new basis and end the sorrows and sufferings of the past. The climax of this early trade-union movement he detects in the advent of Christ and the founding of Christianity. Christ, he roundly asserts, came to exalt trade-unionism and establish socialism, while Christianity itself was originally a movement of organized labor. Labor was to find its fitting place in society, and all mankind to be readjusted in a communistic brotherhood. At first things went well, Christianity took root, and socialistic principles enjoyed a wide vogue. But gradually the capitalistic class reasserted its supremacy, and began to exploit the workers as of old. "The enormous sin

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of our era," inveighs Mr. Ward, "is its apostasy from the early economic plan laid down at its beginning and for three hundred and fourteen years carried out under persecutions, on the economic basis; and its substitution, under emperors and prelate-politicians, by [*sic*] the very most unscientific plan conceivable—that of the ancient faith which deceived and degraded the chattel and wretch of old, and still deceives and degrades the victims of wage-vassalage the world over." But still there is hope; for now "we behold millions of men again organized, more determined, wiser by their experience, better equipped for the fray." This determined host—ready to give battle for "the bold ground-principles of equality which was ever the prodigious, the immovable, blood-bought rock-reef on which those drifting strugglers founded and built this era"—is, needless to say, made up of the Socialists of to-day.

Such, in bald outline, is Mr. Ward's "The Ancient Lowly." Undoubtedly containing much of value to the discriminating student of history, and obviously the result of years of arduous research, it is nevertheless for the general public a book of pernicious influence, contributing nothing to the solution of actual present-day problems and making for greater discontent and bitterness. One is almost tempted to declare that the historical method of investigation has seldom been more sadly misapplied.

In this respect a sharp contrast is afforded by the critical examination of the beginnings of modern Socialistic theory to be found in Dr. William B. Guthrie's "Socialism before the French Revolution." There are here no hasty generalizations, unwarranted inferences, and strainings of interpretation. Instead, the student who would make acquaintance with early factors that have colored and informed the Socialistic thought of to-day will find them set forth in sane, logical, lucid fashion.

It is undoubtedly true, as Professor Seligman points out in his brief introduction, that there exists no satisfactory general account of Socialistic doctrines prior to the end of the eighteenth century; and while Dr. Guthrie does not pretend to cover the subject in its broad entirety, he has certainly produced a book that will serve admirably for the purposes of introductory study. His point of departure is the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More; from More and England he passes to the Italy of the Calabrian monk-reformer Campanella; and from Italy he carries the reader to the France of Morelly and of Morelly's successors—Boissel, Babeuf, Barnave, and the rest—who ushered in the French Revolution. His plan is to indicate first the most trustworthy sources of information concerning the specific writer under discussion; then to show the social and literary influences affecting that writer's thought; next to make plain the economic background of his age; and, finally, to propound and analyze his theories, emphasizing their points of resemblance to and difference from the theories of modern Socialism. Wide acquaintance with all shades of economic opinion is apparrent. And, by way of conclusion, a brief review is made of the most recent developments in Socialistic theorizing.

Like all intelligent observers, Dr. Guthrie sees clearly that, however acute and practical they may be in the field of criticism, Socialists and social reformers generally are altogether too liable to become impractical, not to say visionary, in proposing definite measures of reform. An excellent illustration of the truth of this is seen in Alfred L. Hutchinson's "The Limit of Wealth," a work which is decidedly Socialistic in its tendencies, although its author sharply criticizes the Socialist programme. His idea is that the ideal form of society can be attained only by limiting the wealth of individuals, with respect, not to the amount of money they may accumulate and utilize, but to the amount they may dispose of by bequest. All individual fortunes exceeding one million dollars he would return to the state for the benefit of the masses, to whom this surplus wealth would be distributed through its expenditure on great public works. Mr. Hutchinson professes that this would not involve a check on individual initiative or bring the state into competition with individual industry, and he draws a graphic picture of the United States as it would be forty years hence were his

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scheme given practical application. Not only, it seems, would the problem of finding employment for the unemployed be solved, but many other problems in the American National life would likewise be settled forever—the problem of the conflict between capital and labor, the race problem, the problem of vice and crime, almost everything, in short, that perplexes the body politic. That the state has in the past limited the power of the dead to control the wealth which they have accumulated while living is certainly true, and we are not prepared to say that this power may not be still further exercised to advantage, but there is very little reason for thinking that so simple an expedient would put an end to the evils incident to the excessive concentration of wealth.

On the whole, we think these publications are more useful in giving the student of present economic conditions a historical background than in giving to the reformer any clear light on methods for their improvement.

EFFICIENT DEMOCRACY[1]

DR. ALBERT SHAW, the well-known editor of the American Review of Reviews, has written a book which we commend to the thoughtful consideration of all our readers. It is called "Political Problems of American Development." It deals in a thoroughgoing, sensible, helpful way with the questions whose solution has become of first-rate importance to the well-being of the country. It is characterized by the sanest kind of optimism, the optimism of a thinker who does not close his eyes to existing evils, but has a well-grounded faith in the ability of his fellows to cope with those evils. And, finally, it makes very clear a truth which many persons fail to appreciate—namely, that a distinct advance has already been made in the direction of solving the most vital problems of present-day life in a way that will best subserve the interests of the people as a whole, and at the same time be in accord with the lofty ideal of realizing National unity upon the basis of a homogeneous and well-conditioned democracy.

The attainment of this ideal Dr. Shaw regards, and justly, as the supreme problem of American development. All others hinge about it, and are subordinate to it. "The controlling purpose of our development through more than a hundred years has been to create a series of conditions of population, of citizenship, and of opportunity with respect to the land and natural resources of a new country, that would make for unity and harmony." This it was, at bottom, that led to the colossal struggle culminating in the Civil War; and to this, again, is due the now obvious tendency of the central government to a greater exercise of its authority over the individual than it has hitherto attempted to exert. Here is precisely the point at which issue is most likely to be joined with Dr. Shaw by those who fancy they perceive in recent developments a radical departure from the basic, bed-rock principles of democracy on which the Republic was founded. But he has a reply, which we quote for its compact convincingness:

> The old balance between the power of the state and the free range of individual action is not shifting in any very perceptible manner. There is the constant "give and take," as experience points the way. In the stricter regulation of the national highways of commerce, for example, the state adds with one hand far more to individual initiative and freedom in economic life than it takes away with the other hand. In removing children from factories and sending them to school the state does not necessarily exhibit a tendency towards socialistic exercise of power. Rather it shows in effect its determination to build up a democracy capable of maintaining economic freedom and personal initiative. When governmental authority extends quarantines, regulates and controls the water supply under the test of the bacteriologist, or asserts its power in many other new directions, it does not follow that the domain of individual freedom is narrowed. On the contrary, individual liberties are enhanced when the family is protected against infectious disease or unwholesome milk or adulterated food, just as truly

[1] Political Problems of American Development. By Albert Shaw. The Columbia University Press, New York.

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as is the individual freedom enhanced through protection against invading armies, against mobs and riots, against burglars and highwaymen, or against any other sort of danger to life, freedom of movement, and the pursuit of one's reasonable ends in life. It is simply that old principles require new applications as the conditions of life alter in every direction. The practical compromises between social authority and private liberty are changing in details rather than in essential bearings.

The case could hardly be put more clearly. The truth is that to vindicate itself democracy must be progressive; it must acquire new points of view, make new adaptations to meet the changed conditions of a civilization that is ever becoming more complex. And this is exactly the significance of the governmental changes in the United States that are disturbing the peace of mind of so many ultra-conservative observers. Of course, however, since the state is essentially the people—"the people living in their accustomed relations to one another, pursuing their callings, tilling the soil, running the railroad, attending the school, debating the problems of life, whether from the pulpit, or at the lunch hour in the factory, or at the corner saloon in the evening"—it follows that the necessary changes cannot be wisely made unless the people themselves have a right understanding of what had best be done. And in the education of the people, as carried on by the newspaper, the school, the church, the political caucus, convention, and campaign, lies the ultimate determination of all governmental and social problems.

Thus the future of democracy rests, after all, with the individual; and, in Dr. Shaw's opinion and ours, it is perfectly safe so far as the American people are concerned. There must, none the less, be unceasing vigilance—the stern repression of all elements that tend to promote mutual antagonisms of section or race, a constant endeavor to enhance that equality of opportunity which is the very essence of democracy. And, in such phases as the changed attitude of the Government towards the administration of the public domain and the control of railways and trusts, Dr. Shaw properly finds warrant for asserting that there is a very real appreciation of the necessities of the times and the steps that should be taken to insure a harmonious and united nation.

It is impossible to enter here into any examination of his discussion of concrete problems like the tariff, railway regulation, the race and immigration questions, foreign relations, etc. His views in their entirety are not always ours. But we may say that in no instance does he fail to illumine his subject for the great general public to whom he addresses himself; and that his little volume is an admirable text-book for the use of those who would pursue intelligently and conscientiously the schooling that makes for an efficient and triumphant democracy.

Comment on Current Books

Filipino Americanization

Four views regarding America's duty in the Philippines are currently expressed. First, immediate independence for the Filipinos. Second, a sale of the islands to Japan, England, Germany, or to the Filipinos themselves. Third, continued American control, but an abandonment of the attempt to draw the Filipinos into closer relations with ourselves. Fourth, the Americanization of the islands. The first and second views may be dismissed as mostly due to ephemeral agitation. An additional quietus has certainly been put upon them by Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, in whose Department the management of our insular possessions lies. In his recent speeches in the Orient, in the most explicit and impressive manner, he has disavowed, on behalf of the Administration, any intention of parting with or of selling the islands. As to continued American control but the abandonment of further attempt to draw the Filipinos into closer sympathy with us, that may also, we think, be dismissed. There is, it is true, a wider conviction on the part of most Americans that present relations with the islands are untenable. But that is because our legislators at Washington have taken a narrow view of their functions. The fourth view, that of Americanization of the islands, educationally, economically, and politically, is

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the view taken by Mr. Hamilton M. Wright, in the latest volume[1] published concerning the history and present development of the Philippines, and is, we believe, the Government's attitude. It is natural that Mr. Wright should take this position. Fortunately, he approaches the islanders in a sympathetic attitude. He is on the alert to detect their good qualities before he proclaims their bad. He sees in them a people hospitable and generous beyond most, peaceable, intelligent, religious, and, for a tropical race, remarkably industrious. He even believes that the character of such a people will never prohibit them from ultimately attaining the standards of the most advanced nation. In the present civilization of the Tagálogs especially, he detects the results of a well-defined civilization long before the advent of the Dutch and Spanish. He describes Filipino history for us, showing in concise language that we have to do with a people of real importance, if for no other reasons than that they were the only Orientals to be Christianized long before the appearance among them of their present rulers. Finally, he recognizes in the Filipinos a people who are adapting themselves to the American institutions no less readily than they have adapted themselves to various industrial innovations. It is, however, as an indication of Philippine industrial conditions that the book has chief value. It is emphatically a reference book, not only for the tourist, but in greater measure for the business man, the promoter, the industrialist, the capitalist. The American advent has brought about a great industrial awakening, especially in mining, lumber, sugar, hemp, and tobacco industries. In any department the Filipinos are peculiarly assimilative. As a result of their assimilation of our commercial and industrial innovations, their islands now offer greatly increased resources and opportunities, not only to Americans but to themselves. As to labor, the Ilocanos of northern Luzon represent its best quality, as we might expect from the inhabitants of that more temperate climate. By virtue of their industry their population has increased to such an extent that they have migrated throughout the island. They work for a peseta (ten cents) to a half peso (twenty-five cents) a day. Though the rest of the Filipinos are in comparison much more shiftless and idle, Mr. Wright does not hesitate to conclude that commercial prosperity would insure the solution of present political perplexities. The industrial development is enhanced by the Government's construction and rebuilding of a thousand miles of railway, to be supervised by a Public Utilities Commission, having power to adjust the rates to be charged for all utilities. The Government is also carrying out permanent harbor improvements, and, far more important than either, is, throughout the islands, establishing schools in which there are now over five hundred thousand children learning a common tongue. For the first time in their history, Filipinos speaking different languages are beginning to appreciate the advantages of having a common tongue, not only for inter-insular and inter-provincial lingual communication but also because English has become the *lingua franca* of the Far East. No language is so desirable to know, from Australia up along the Asiatic side of the Pacific Ocean, as English, and the dealings between Manila merchants and the merchants of Hongkong, Singapore, and other places have always been intimate enough to require a knowledge of it. But the Filipino is clever enough to see that book-learning is but one of two great advantages that accrue to him from the application of the American public school system. The other and greater advantage is the development of a true spirit of democracy, and that is as evident in Manila as it is in Michigan. In both places the children of the rich and poor; high and low, sit side by side, subject to the same discipline. But in this country, with its centuries of democratic tradition, we can hardly appreciate the astonished and grateful feelings of the Filipino *tao* or peasant farmer as he contemplates his boy sitting side by side with the son of the *ilustrisimo*, representing that ruling class to which the Filipino common people have always bared the head and bowed low in a slavish obeisance. Considering the time in which Americans have been in control of the Philippines, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that no nation has proceeded so rapidly as has ours in civilizing an Oriental colony. If we reach Great Britain's long period of rule in India, or Holland's in Java, we shall doubtless induce an even more extensive physical development. But we certainly shall have given a greater chance to the ruled to acquire education in the art of self-government.

[1] A Handbook of the Philippines. By Hamilton M. Wright. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.50

Palestine This volume[1] gives an interesting account of the country and its people, their manners, customs, and present condition, with many an illuminating parallel between present and ancient times. It cannot be entirely relied on for accuracy. Ages before "1543," needles were used by the

[1] Palestine: Through the Eyes of a Native. By Gamahliel Wad-El-Ward. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1, net.

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ancient Egyptians. Sanballat was not the "ancestor of the Samaritans." Melchizedek and Jesus Christ are not one and the same person!

England and America

Thoroughness, fullness, and fairness are the distinctive characteristics of Mrs. Marks's "England and America, 1763–1783,"[1] which into the bargain is written with a keen sense of the dramatic value of the great events of the twenty years whose history she narrates. It must have required considerable courage to essay the retelling of the story of the American Revolution, but the result has justified Mrs. Marks's confidence. Her two bulky volumes, including in all more than thirteen hundred closely printed pages, will be welcomed by the general reader for their spirited account of the twofold struggle for liberty waged in England and in the English colonies; while special students of the Revolutionary period will find in them much illuminative material not readily accessible elsewhere. Especially is this true of Mrs. Marks's summaries of the Parliamentary debates over America and of the pamphlet literature, her exposition of the relations between the fortunes of the East India Company and the destiny of the American colonies, and her study of English and colonial diplomacy. It is quite evident that she has labored diligently through the manifold sources of first-hand information, yet her passion for research has to no appreciable extent impaired her ability to present the facts and the conclusions therefrom in an entertaining way. Her sympathies are frankly with the colonies. "The history of the loss of America," she incisively asserts, "is the history of a Tory reaction." But she does not fail to do justice to the reactionaries whose policy she deplores; although, it must be said, she scarcely emphasizes strongly enough the economic considerations that gave a seeming warrant to that policy and, in fact, controlled the colonial policy of England long before the Tories came into power. Similarly, the important question of the effect of the Seven Years' War in stimulating the movement for independence is scarcely touched. Otherwise there really is very little to criticise. In her judgment of the leading personages, English and colonial, Mrs. Marks is almost always convincing—her depreciation of Fox and Burke and her undue laudation of Shelburne being perhaps the most striking exceptions to this general rule. Particularly noteworthy are the pictures drawn of Pitt, Grenville, Townshend, North, Adams, Washington, and Franklin, for the last of whom Mrs. Marks has unbounded enthusiasm.

[1] England and America. By Mary A. M. Marks. In 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $6, net.

University Preaching

The non professional often equals the professional in photography, and the same is beginning to be true in preaching. President Hadley, in his Yale sermons, has given strong proof of this. Equal proof is given in this modestly entitled volume[1] by the late Master of Balliol, successor to the famous Jowett. In these discourses the author of that remarkable work, "The Evolution of Religion," addresses himself, with a rare combination of philosophic thought plainly and practically expressed, ethical keenness and vigor, and a finished literary style, to thoughtful young men confronted with the intellectual problems and moral temptations of university life. His frequent and felicitous quotations from the best English poets add a charm and a point worth cultivating by all preachers. This volume should find place in all college libraries. Lay preaching is more often by uncultured than by cultured men. The latter class, found in many a congregation, need to be urged forward for their own as well as others' sake.

The Uprising of the Many

Mr. Russell's book[2] belongs to the literature of protest that has grown so rapidly since the recent railway and insurance scandals. It is an attempt, by an enthusiastic advocate of the Socialistic remedial programme, to depict the benefits accruing from the adoption of co-operation, public ownership of public utilities, and other reforms along similar lines. The results of the Rochdale experiment, of the activities of the London County Council, of municipal ownership in Great Britain, of governmental railroading in Germany and France, and of the experiences of Australia and New Zealand under labor control, are alluringly set forth in a flowing, easy, journalistic way. Always the verdict is in favor of the Socialistic features of the economic life of the countries surveyed. But, unfortunately, there is little or no attempt to examine the criticisms passed by other observers, or even to inquire whether the remedies essayed elsewhere might advantageously be applied to conditions in America. That seems to be taken for granted. And, as is the case with so many writers of the protest school, Mr. Russell evinces an uncommon tendency to rash generalization, overstatement, and even misstatement. Nor is his plea strengthened by the extreme violence of his language—

[1] Lay Sermons and Addresses: Delivered in the Hall of Balliol College, Oxford. By Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2, net.

[2] The Uprising of the Many. By Charles Edward Russell. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

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though, to be sure, some of the things of which he writes are not conducive to mildness of expression. Altogether, while much that he says is really informing, there is so much which requires to be read with great critical caution that we can hardly commend his work to the otherwise uninstructed reader.

The Moon Mr. Serviss is well known as a popular lecturer and writer on scientific topics, and in particular his book "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass"[1] has had a wide reading. Here he presents in dialogue or conversational method a familiar and easily understood description of the important physical features of the moon. Technicalities are avoided, and there is nothing that would puzzle the reader of ordinary intelligence. The illustration is quite remarkable in its own way, for it consists of a series of lunar photographs showing the moon as it appears on successive evenings throughout an entire month, while the text describes the mountains, plains, and craters as they are seen in the successive photographs. Despite the fact that books of the "Sandford and Merton" kind have caused a disrelish for the conversational method of imparting knowledge because of their excessive priggishness, this form is in fact a very convenient and sensible one for the purpose in view, and Mr. Serviss has made use of it to advantage.

The Children's Hour The children have come to their own in literature. Not so many years ago, as the introduction to one of these volumes[2] points out, "most people believed that children needed only two kinds of books; one kind was for them to study in school, and the other was to teach them how to behave." Nowadays the right of the child to appetizing and refreshing food for the imagination is fully recognized. Here are ten volumes, admirably edited by Eva March Tappan, with charming introductory talks "To the Children," and it is really surprising to see what a wealth of story, poem, and narrative has been drawn upon. It is surprising, too, to see how much of the older writing, not originally designed for children, has been proved by time to be immensely attractive to them: "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are the standard examples of this, but the list might be largely extended, as shown in the volumes of this series called "Stories from the Classics" and "Folk Stories and Fables" and "Seven Old Favorites." Biography, adventure, and travel are all well represented, as well as fiction and legend. Many an older reader will turn with pleasure to Miss Edgeworth's "Simple Susan," or Hannah More's "Parley the Porter," or Jane Taylor's Tales, or those of Jacob Abbott, or Lucretia Hale's "Peterkin Papers," or Ouida's "Dog of Flanders," and renew the joy of youth. Even the priggish "Sandford and Merton" has its corner, and one is glad to read it as a contrast with more sympathetic writing. The selections suit all ages of children, and the work as a whole forms an almost ideal story-book-present for the holidays. Great pains have been taken to make the set of books pleasing to the eye, and they are fully illustrated.

Verses for Children The somewhat clumsy title of this book[1] was made desirable by the fact that "A Book of Verse for the Children" attained great and deserved popularity, and it is but right that the present compilation should be known as the successor of that which preceded it ten years ago. Mr. Lucas has a sound taste in humor and in literature at large, and he seems equally to have good judgment in his choice of what will please children. The book is handsomely printed; the woodcuts are in keeping with the character of the volume; the colored pictures (to the mature taste at least) not nearly so much so.

The Domestic Situation Albert Bigelow Paine, in a recent chronicle called "From Van Dweller to Commuter," recalls his former experiences in searching for a home in the city. Now he has ventured into the suburbs, and retails the vicissitudes of that form of existence.[2] There is much humor of a popular kind, and many clever character sketches; it is the sort of book from which to read bits, followed by the remarks, "Isn't that true?" and "Don't you remember?"

Mr. Yeats's Poems The first volume in this convenient and tasteful reprint[3] was devoted to Mr. Yeats's lyrical work; this volume contains his dramatic poems, with an introduction in which the poet states his attitude towards the drama as a literary form. The six plays included represent some of the best work from Mr. Yeats's hand, and some of the best fruits of the movement of which he is a leader.

[1] The Moon. By Garrett P. Serviss. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
[2] The Children's Hour. Edited by Eva March Tappan. Illustrated. 10 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Per set, $17.50.

[1] Another Book of Verses for Children. Edited by E. N Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net.
[2] From Van Dweller to Commuter. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.
[3] Poetical Works of William B. Yeats. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Dramatical Poems. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.

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Letters to The Outlook

A DEFENSE OF SAN FRANCISCO

A few years ago two young men who had traveled round the globe, and had seen nearly all the large cities, sat for hours at the front windows of my home, looking out on the Golden Gate and the lovely hills that were cleft asunder to make it, and exclaimed that in all their travels they had seen nothing so beautiful. This is the northern end of a long peninsula, which seems to have been foreordained to be the location of one of the world's greatest cities. Here in the early days came the seekers after gold, and among them men and women of heroic character; many of the pioneers were of the choicest sort, standing for things good and true, governing according to the laws where possible, forming vigilance committees when nothing else would do. These people made a number of scattered villages on the peninsula, that later were welded together into the present city of San Francisco. The city limits form almost a square, seven miles on each side. The city is bounded by the ocean, the Golden Gate, the Bay, and a range of hills that forever fix its limits unless man is willing to overstep natural boundaries and make connections with the outside. This will show why the city has continued longer than most in the clothes of its childhood. It has already about filled its limits, and half its population lives outside.

When such a city begins to swarm, it is naturally the most enterprising and largely the most moral part of its people who go out. Young families want homes where the children can play outdoors, and be free from the influences of a dense population; men who are tired with the day's work seek homes where they cannot see or hear the city; so it comes to pass that the heads of business houses, the clerks, and the more enterprising and prosperous class of mechanics seek places away from the center. Any one who lives in New York knows all about this trend, and ought to be sympathetic with San Francisco in its present perplexities. These tendencies are in all our growing cities; with us the situation is made worse by the fact that the Bay is four miles wide, the ferries have been improved until they are nearly perfect in operation, and half the people who work in the city during the day sleep outside of it at night, and vote where they sleep.

Those who remember why New York reincorporated with Brooklyn and the Bronx and the islands included will know why San Francisco ought to be reincorporated with a large part of three counties about it included. This was made easy for New York because the bridges and tunnels were in fact making it all one great city; nothing of the kind exists here as yet; the Southern Pacific Railroad is building a bridge ten miles below the city, so as to avoid ferrying its freight across the bay; but the idea of a bridge or a tunnel directly across has only been suggested as yet, and not taken seriously. Some time it will have to be done, and then the whole situation will be changed. At present we have on the west side of the Bay a compact city, in most parts densely populated, containing on the whole a pretty good class of people, better than most such cities can boast; and on the east side another city, scattered over a large region, and composed almost wholly of people living in homes, with all sorts of nuisances ruled out of the neighborhood. Nearly half this east side has practical prohibition of the liquor traffic, so it is easy to see that they comprise a large part of the moral vote that belongs by right in San Francisco.

All our great cities are facing about the same problems. Graft, labor troubles, undesirable immigrants, these are common to us all. San Francisco is trying to settle these problems with a large part of its best vote eliminated; if the two sides of the Bay were voting together, it would not take long to decide some of the great issues before us. We are trying to handle them with one hand when we ought to have two. The thing that hurts us most is the fact that when we need the sympathy of all America because we are facing questions that are National and not provincial, we find the Eastern press continually showing us up at our worst, and inclined to claim that whatever is not just right with us is because it is San Francisco. Why not claim that the graft revelations in Philadelphia are because it is Philadelphia; why not say that a recent terrible revelation of stealing in the sacred precincts of Boston is because it is Boston?

Even in the weakened condition of San Francisco, her trouble with bribers is because of men who have recently come from the East; most of the men who are in danger of the State's prison are recent importations. They found a Board of Supervisors who were ignorant of the first principles of good

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government, and who were in office because of the conditions already named; the vote of the east side of the Bay would have made their election impossible. The readjustment of things necessitated by the great fire made some crimes easy, and men followed the present custom of many great corporations all over the country, and bought what they wanted.

The press resounded with the injustice of San Francisco toward the Japanese; a few of them have suffered here, but it has been almost wholly due to our own troubles, and incidental to our conditions, not because they were Japanese; the worst case was where a Japanese restaurant was wrecked in a fight between union and non-union men; if it had been Italian or English or American, it would have been the same; any man who went into a powerful union neighborhood and started a non-union restaurant did so at his own risk. When you look at the mob violence in Bellingham and Vancouver, and then look at the Japanese on the streets of San Francisco, in business here, as safe as if they were in their own country, it speaks pretty well for the people of this city. We had a real difficulty from the large number of Japanese young men in the public schools;[1] the School Board blundered into making it a race matter instead of doing what they finally did, ruling out all over a certain age; and we had to suffer for it among our Eastern friends. We understand that some of the Eastern cities are finding it necessary to follow our example, and the press does not even notice it.

San Francisco has to-day as intelligent, law-abiding a population as any city in the United States, if they could only all vote together, and work as one strong city. Just now we are trying to handle the biggest problems before American cities, and are as badly handicapped in the effort as New York would be if these things had to be decided only by the vote of the lower part of Manhattan Island, or Boston with its voting population confined to the old city limits.

GEORGE C. ADAMS.

San Francisco, California.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

In The Outlook dated October 5 is Mr. Lee Meriwether's very interesting article, "Adventures with a Motor-Car." On page 253 occurs the expression, "and the Pike is a hundred times worse than the famous Rocky Road to Dublin," intimating, of course, that the latter is well known as a bad road.

I am a native of Dublin and lived in its suburbs for over fifty years, and only left it last year. I have a thorough knowledge of all the roads in and about Dublin, and I beg to tell you there is no road of this name and no road to which this term is applied. I never heard the expression till I came out here, but here, in California, a man once jokingly said, when I was walking on an execrable road, "This is as bad as the Rocky Road to Dublin." So I suppose the expression has been used in a song or in some way which has caught the public ear in America. There *is* a road called "the *Rock* Road." There are two roads, and only two, to Bray, a beautiful watering-place thirteen miles from Dublin. One of these passes through the thriving town of Blackrock, three miles from Dublin, and the other through the village of Stillorgan, and to distinguish between the two roads to Bray, one is called the Rock Road, the other the Stillorgan Road. Now, the name Rock Road may have suggested Rocky Road, and then some one jumped to the conclusion that it was rough, uneven, rocky. But, as a matter of fact, it is an excellent road. From Dublin to Blackrock the Dublin United Tramway Company operates a double line of electric cars on it, and the road is paved with Welsh setts, kept in perfect order by the Tramway Company under the terms of their franchise. From Blackrock to Bray the road is macadamized and as smooth as a billiard-table, and always kept in perfect order; an ideal road for an automobile. All the main roads in County Dublin and County Wicklow are beautiful roads, and far superior to the best I have seen in this country or in the State of New York. If Mr. Meriwether were to bring his automobile to Ireland, or any part of Great Britain, he would find "mobiling" more of a luxury and less of an adventure than his American trip supplied.

Another disparaging reference to Dublin one often hears is just as untrue as the one I have been dealing with, namely, "Dear Dirty Dublin." It may have been true when it originated, but certainly for the past thirty years Dublin has been one of the cleanest cities in Europe.

A great deal of harm may be done to a city by thoughtless and ignorant disparagement, not meant to be ill-natured, but none the less hurtful.

J. F. KEATINGE.

Hollywood, California.

[1] See Mr. George Kennan's article in The Outlook for June 1 last, in which Mr. Kennan stated, as the result of a thorough investigation, that out of 28,736 scholars in the San Francisco schools, December 8, 1906, there were just thirty-one Japanese over fifteen years old, and only two over twenty; all but six of the thirty-one boys attended grammar schools.—THE EDITORS.

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"SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN"

In the Christmas number of The Outlook, 1904, appeared an article by H. E. Krehbiel on Christmas Carols, in which the writer "marveled a bit" that we in this country could not hear the carols as sung in England by carolers, men and women, who march about the town from midnight until dawn, singing the good news of "peace on earth."

In our family circle more than one regret was expressed that the writer could not have enjoyed our experience. In several New England towns, especially where the mills have brought operatives from Old England, it has been a custom for years for bands of carolers to go from house to house, choosing the homes of friends, and standing before each door while they sang one hymn or more. Sometimes the sound of music would illuminate the house and open the doors.

In our childhood it was the great excitement of the night before Christmas to have such a visit. A letter to our father from the leader of the carolers told us that they would call on him about midnight, so we children were sent early to bed with the promise that at the right time we should be wakened. About midnight, folded in wrappers and blankets, we settled ourselves on the broad window-seat in the upper hall to watch for the coming of the procession. Just long enough after to make the waiting seem worth while appeared the men and women, and sometimes boys and girls no bigger than we. They gathered on the lawn in front of our big window, and as the years went by we learned to recognize faces, and knew just what songs to expect.

Generally two of the men carried lanterns, and sometimes a book with the music was held in the light for "the players on instruments." There were two instruments, a violin and a bass-viol, each having a name; the violin was "Little Sally" and the viol was "Lady Betty." We children were not at all satisfied with the name for the larger instrument; we had many a discussion over the matter, but we thought it should have a man's name because the tone was deep and strong, and, as I remember, we decided on "Uncle Ben." In those years the men and women dressed for a cold, snowy night, and did not much care how they looked if only they were warm.

I often think of one woman who sang alto; she wore three or four woolen shawls, the inner one the smallest, folded across her breast; she was not at all attractive, as she had only one tooth which we could see, and she moved her head from side to side to keep time—but she had a good voice, and her earnestness made a lasting impression. In these later years the carolers dress as if for church, with best coats and hats, yet the enthusiasm is as intense as ever and the voices are finer. Four years ago, the last time the carolers called on us, I was much charmed with a sweet tenor voice, never heard, probably, outside the home circle.

Having sung all the hymns, the little crowd came into the house, and, after a rest in the parlor, where our father could talk with each one and ask for the welfare of the family, they were invited into the dining-room for refreshments, a glass of cider, apples, nuts, and raisins, replaced in later years by broth, tea, and coffee.

We children were pleased and proud when we were old enough to serve at table and be present at the singing of the grace:

> "Be present at our table, Lord,
> Be here and everywhere adored,
> Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee."

At the end of the repast they sang this thanksgiving:

> "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
> But more because of Jesus' blood;
> Let manna to our souls be given,
> The bread of Life sent down from heaven."

After this they stood around the table and sang other hymns, or repeated some by request. From these carolers I first heard that grand old hymn, "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," the many verses of which they knew by heart.

"How Beautiful upon the Mountains" was the most ambitious selection, but we were very fond of it, and used to watch for the low notes in "gospel of peace," when the singer, a thin man, drew down his chin and made a long face.

The music of "Angels from the Realms of Glory," which they sang, I have never seen written. Maybe it is known only by men and women who have lived in England. It reminds one of "Regent Square," though there is a good deal of repetition, and the music is even more joyous.

I am not sure that "As Joseph was a-walking" was one of the carols commonly sung, but we learned the first five stanzas when we were children, and loved it for the tune and quaint wording, wondering whether any little babies ever were baptized "in white wine or in red."

Most of the carolers whom we used to hear have joined "the choir invisible." The carolers of nowadays belong to a younger set and do not count us among personal friends; but every Christmas morning we

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listen for their hymns, to bring again into our hearts that thrill of joy of our childhood as we hear—

"O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and adore Him
Born the King of Angels!
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord."

* *

THE FISH AND THE MAN

Since Mr. McFarland's article on fishing appeared in The Outlook I have had itching moments when I have wanted to say something on the subject, but I have held my peace until the letter in The Outlook for October 26.

The gentlemen all express their regret at the fact that there has been so little comment on the matter. The fact is that every true sportsman realizes that he was born with the love of outdoor life in him, and all that such outdoor life entails, and he also realizes that if a person does not like to fish there is no power on earth that can make him like it. Furthermore, if a man prefers to think that fishing and hunting are demoralizing and barbarizing rather than ennobling and strengthening sports, why, of course, that is his privilege. But when he attempts to analyze the feelings of the fish when caught and to make out the fisherman to be a bloodthirsty ogre, he only shows that he really knows very little about fishing, nothing of the spirit of the sport, and consequently cannot talk intelligently about the subject.

I have been a fisherman ever since I can remember, and although my memory does not go back as far as some who have been discussing this question, yet I have caught "some" fish in my day. But I cannot define just what it is that makes me like to fish and hunt. I have tried to analyze my feelings, and I have put that question to other fishermen and I have not found an answer. I know that it is not an enjoyment of seeing the fish "suffer," if I may use that term. I only know that I have tramped miles through all kinds of country, before dawn sometimes, in the hope of getting a good string of trout before the sun got too high and spoiled the fishing till later in the day. I have walked railroad tracks in rubber boots, fought black flies and mosquitoes, crawled under trees and bridges in thunder-storms, been thoroughly drenched, and *yet* returned home triumphant with a few little trout in my basket, tired, hungry, bitten up in all sorts of places, and so footsore that I could hardly walk, but in a few days ready to go at it again with undiminished zeal. Discussing the question in cold blood, there surely is no compensation in such efforts as those. And *yet there is;* I could not make Mr. McFarland see it, nor "C. W. B.," but every fisherman knows what that compensation is, and yet he can't define it.

I shall not attempt to take up space in answering all the arguments that our well-meaning friends have brought up, but let me refer to just this one. It is charged that fishing and hunting make a man indifferent to animal suffering. "He [the fisherman] must shut up his heart to the death-agony of inferior creatures over whom God has given him power."

It seems to me that that one statement and what it entails show how little your correspondents know of real sportsmen. The average sportsman owns a dog, generally a setter or a pointer, and that dog worships the ground his master walks on; you can see it by the way he acts when his master speaks to him; by the way that the eyes of the brute gaze up into those of the man, and when a little smile of affection creeps across the master's lips the way the dog's tail thumps the floor or beats the air is eloquent testimony. If his master was indifferent to animal suffering, do you suppose that the dog would be kindly or even decently treated? And if he was not well treated, do you suppose the dog would stay with him or not cringe out of his way when he came along?

I saw a horse being whipped by an unreasoning and angry farmer, and as the outfit dashed down the road with the horse's head high in the air and the whip still falling at intervals, my companion, who even then had a rod in his hand, remarked to me, "Somebody ought to give that cuss a taste of his own medicine." If that farmer had not been out of reach, I think it would have been demonstrated that that "somebody" was not far from my side and that he would have done his duty.

"Looking back over the field of history, we see that" men have been fishermen ever since the days of Peter and Andrew, and that, in spite of that fact, the world has been growing better all the while and the number of fishermen is constantly increasing.

Let these fellows who think that the fishing fraternity is driving the country to the "demnition bow-wows" go out and do a little fishing, just to see what it really is, and they will know something about the question and won't be comparing a man in a bathing suit hitched to a fish-line with a fish in its natural element. That would make Jonah's whale laugh. WM. M. FOORD.

Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

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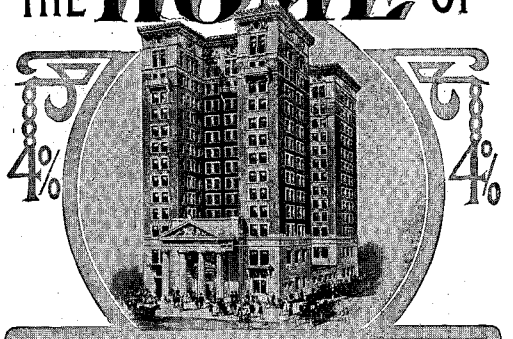

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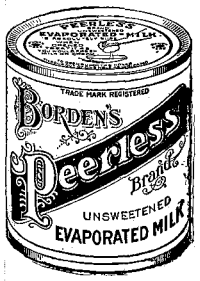

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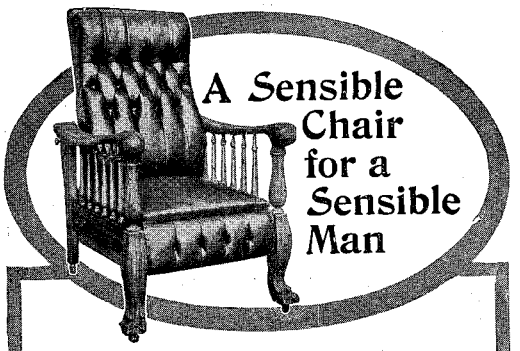

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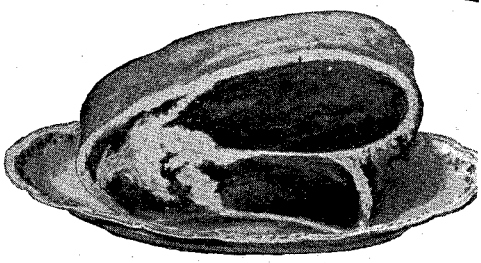

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